THE PRESENT AGE.

$2.00 PER YEAR. WOULD YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL VISIONS OF THE SPIRIT LAND? LIVE AS DO THE HIGHER BEINGS WHO INHABIT IT.—O. H. Perry. IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II. KALAMAZOO, MICH., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870. No. 39.

Selected Poetry.

BONAPARTE Aug. 15, 1769.—HUMBOLDT, Sept. 14, 1769.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Ere yet the waning chimes of midnight sound,
Set back the flaming index of the year,
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their round
Through five-score circles of the swinging sphere.

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea
That cleaves the storm-cloud with its snowy crest,
The embryo heir of empires yet to be,
A month-old babe upon his mother's breast.

Those little hands, that soon shall grow so strong
In their rude grasp great thrones shall rock and fall,
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song
Holds the world's master in its slender thrall.

Look! a new crescent bends its silver bow;
A new-lit star has fired the eastern sky;
Hark! by the river where the lindens blow
A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror! Has the vast domain,
Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed lands;
Earth and the weltering kingdom of the main
Laid their broad charters in his royal hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,
Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or porch;
He read the record of the planet's page
By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods;
On the salt steppes saw the starlight shine!
He scaled the mountain's windy solitudes,
And trod the galleries of the breathless mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung lyre.
No problem vague, by torturing schoolmen vexed;
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,
Nor skulked and scowled behind a Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly robe
That priestly shoulders counted all their own,
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe,
And led young Science to her empty throne.

While the round planet on its axel spins
One fruitful year shall boast its double birth,
And show the cradles of its mighty twins,
Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never fade,
Sweet with fair memories that can never die?
Ask not the marbles where their bones are laid,
But bow thine ear to hear thy brother's cry:

"Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,
Like mandrake's shrieking as they quit the soil!
Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit
That sucks its crimson from the heart of Toil!

We claim the food that fixed our mortal fate:
Bend to our reach the long forbidden tree!
The angel frowned at Eden's eastern gate—
Its western portal is forever free!

Bring the white blossoms of the waning year,
Heap with full hands the peaceful conqueror's shrine
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's tear!
Hero of knowledge be our tribute thine!"

—*Atlantic Monthly for November.*

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IS IT POSSIBLE?

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Jane was again the guest of her Philadelphia friends. On her arrival they were at supper, had been talking about her, felt that she would come, was then on her way, etc. Ponto was as demonstrative and Hannah as merry and funny as on the previous visit. "Take off thy bonnet and shawl thyself," said Hannah, "for I must talk to Ponto; O, thee is a good, fine Ponto! likes Jane, does thee not!" Here followed romping, jumping, and laughing, Hannah rolling the dog repeatedly on the floor, and snapping her fingers for him to jump, while William looked on with a quiet smile. "That's the way Hannah shows how glad she is to see thee," he remarked, as Jane took her seat at the table, by which time Hannah was again the precise Quakeress, and Mr. Ponto quietly stretched on the hearth-rug, knowing well that he must be precise, too.

After supper, Thomas Martindale proposed that they should try some experiments in psychometry. "Suppose thee tries, Hannah; if thee can tell when a letter is coming for thee; perhaps thee could, by placing one on thy forehead, be enabled to give the character of the writer."

"I think" replied Hannah, "Jane thee had better try, as she understands phrenology; I have a letter up stairs I would like her to try; let me run and get it."

"I'd like thee to try this," she said, on her return with the letter. "I'll put it in a new envelope, seal it, and cut out of it a round piece, say about the size of a half-dollar."

Jane took up the letter and placed it on her forehead. "There seems;" she said, "a something ridiculous in placing it against the forehead."

"Now, just tell us how thee, feels,' said Hannah, after they had sat quietly for some minutes, "and never mind the ridiculous part."

"I feel, very, very sad; and with this feeling, there is a warmth or slight throbbing in the organ of philoprogenitiveness; the sensation of grief is similar to that felt at the death of a friend or relative; I should think, as philoprogenitiveness is active, that the writer of the letter has recently lost a child. Now the violence of the grief has passed; at first I could with difficulty restrain my tears." Now my intellectual faculties are active as well as philoprogenitiveness—also veneration and ideality, with a slight tinge of hope. If these sensations index the contents of the letter, then the child's happiness in another world and its ultimate reunion with the parents are intellectually treated of therein."

"Now," she continued, after a few moment's silence, "that has all gone except the sadness; but it is quiet—felt only, not expressed, I should think; for it is similar to the heart-ache which sometimes clings to one through sunshine and storm, passive or active life, yet it is always there."

Another pause; then Jane said. "pecuniary matter are referred too, I think."

"Why does thee think so," enquired friend Martindale.

"Because I feel a warmth in the organs of acquisition and number, and at the same time intellectual faculties and language are active."

Jane laid the letter on the table. Hannah took it up, held it in her hand a moment looking very pale. "Thee may read it, Jane," she then said, as she handed the letter, her lips trembling and tears glistening in her eyes. "I wrote that letter to my William when my baby died; I was in the country at the time, where I had taken it, hoping it would recover; thee has given the subject of the letter exactly."

Jane read the letter, the first words of which were "our darling is dead." After describing its last moments her mother-heart breathed its anguish at bereavement; then religion and hope of meeting in another world are dwelt on in beautiful language. Lastly, expenses incident to the burial of the child and to her absence from home were referred to.

The letter was then passed to Thomas Martindale. "What does thee think about it?" asked William, as he finished it. "The *contents* of the letter could not have been given more accurately, replied Thomas, "but she did not touch on Hannah's character."

"I know," said William, "yet we all expected she would."

"It is very evident then," observed Thomas, "that our expectations did not influence her."

"Perhaps," said Jane, "the intense feelings expressed in the letter prevented my reaching the character of the writer; or it may be that giving character is more difficult."

"Will thee try another?" asked Hannah.

"I have no objection."

Hannah then took a note from the secretary and placed it in an envelope, on the back of which she had previously cut a round hole about the size of a ten-cent piece, remarking, "I don't want William or Thomas to see the writing, as they might influence thee; this small opening will allow the writing to come in contact with thy head. There! thee looks like a necromancer," she added, as Jane laid it against her brow and rested her head on her hand.

They waited along time in silence, which was broken at last by William, who enquired "Does thee learn nothing from that, Jane?"

"I should think," she replied, "the person who wrote this suffered from dyspepsia, for I feel so myself."

Here they all laughed, for they were not expecting anything in the shape of dyspepsia. "It might pay a physician to employ thee to diagnose," laughingly observed Hannah; "but thee is so far correct."

"This," continued Jane, "was written by a man; I can scarcely tell why I think so, only there is nothing feminine, or like a woman, about it. He is not a very young man; his character is formed. How do I know? I perceive a strength, a stability and decision about my own feelings that indicates this to me. My head at this moment feels higher than it really is; my forehead less prominent, but broader and higher. I cannot understand all that comes to me, but I feel sure that there is no verdant or undeveloped brain here, but a well cultivated intellect and active moral faculties; I feel great warmth about the latter. He is not married, I will say; for us I would interpret the peculiar coldness about philoprogenitiveness and amativeness; the feeling of philoprogenitiveness from Hannah's letter was so different from this."

"Whose letter is it?" asked William.

'Ill tell thee, when Jane finishes," replied Hannah, smiling.

"Acquisitiveness," continued Jane, "is active in connection with the intellect, as are also secretiveness and firmness. These organs seem to act in concert; I should think him a good business man—likes to make money and does make money.—There is a feeling of satisfaction that comes from the combined activity of these faculties that can only accompany pecuniary success. He is conscientious, I know, because of the warmth and throbbing of that organ. Now I feel grave, and yet fully awake to the mirthful. Probably one of thy serious Quaker friends," said Jane, as she looked up, laughingly, and passed Hannah the letter; "yet he has a lively appreciation of mirth; but it is quiet, and cast in a mold of intellectuality, I should say."

"Now, whose is it, do you suppose?" said Hannah; "here, look at it, friend Martindale; it is thine, is it not?" she said, as he broke it open and looked at his own handwriting.

"What about the dyspepsia?" enquired William.

"Why, he had it when he wrote that; had thee not, Thomas?"

"Yes, it was a troublesome guest at that time," he replied; "but it all looks like guess-work."

"Now!" said Hannah, in a deprecating tone.

"Well," replied Thomas, "if we are going to experiment we must be careful not to deceive ourselves. I think there is some truth in it, and I don't want to under-rate; at the same time we must be careful not to over-estimate. If it be a fact that the power exists for doing all that Buchanan narrates, there must necessarily be much to learn; this intuitiveness (here he looked at Jane and smiled), or psychometry as Dr. Buchanan terms it, is of such a subtle nature, and there seems to me such scope for fancy or imagination, that I question very much whether it could be depended on for practical purposes, like phrenology."

'Suppose an organ active in thine own head," said Hannah, to Jane, "how would thee know if the same organ was active in the person thee examined?"

"I don't know, but I suppose careful comparisons and critical observation would enable me to learn the causes of the various feelings produced in my own brain, and the correspondence between them and the condition of the person examined; this can only be done by repeated examinations. I, of course, like thee, am in the dark as to the *modus operandi*, if any."

"I judged thee not married, Thomas," continued Jane, "because philoprogenitiveness and amativeness felt latent and cold when I had thy letter in my hand, whereas Hannah s letter caused a feeling of warmth in those organs. This can be tested repeatedly with other letters until I learn the indications correctly; and similarly with other faculties."

"The laws governing this power," William observed, "have to be studied, and the language it uses has to be learned; no science was ever perfected in a day, or its uses immediately understood; time and patience are necessary."

"If psychometry be a science,' said friend Martindale, "the truths or principles therewith connected can be arranged like those of other sciences in systematic order in connection with the facts on which they are based. I have a proposition to offer: let us make experiments every time Jane visits us, and let us keep a record of all such experiments. Careful investigation and due deliberation will demonstrate to us whether psychometry can pe dignified with the name of *science*, or is another pet child of dreamy theorists."

"And I propose," added Hannah, "that we make friend Martindale the secretary." These propositions being adopted, the requisite writing materials were produced, and said secretary was duly installed.

"Suppose we begin with metals." said he; "I have several specimens, each of which I will fold in paper." Here he left the room, wisely remarking that Jane must not see them, or she might remember what they were from their shape. "See what effect this produces," he said, on his return, as he gave Jane one of them to examine.

In a short time Jane said, "I should recognize that again, I'm sure; for it causes a pain all around my face."

Friend Martindale wrote this down, then took the specimen from Jane and opened the wrapper. "It is lead," he said, "so lead ought invariably to have this effect on thee; to be understood it must invariably speak the same language. Here is another metal; try how this talks."

"It has a peculiarly refining influence; I cannot describe its effects exactly, but I should recognize it again."

,' Very good," said Thomas, "one more and then we will test thee; the last was gold."

Jane took the third specimen and very soon remarked, "I don't like the effect of this; I feel a tingling pain in my arm, something—though of course very slightly—like the electricity; the mental effect is unpleasant."

"That is copper," said Thomas, "now we will see if thee can give the names of the metals from their respective effects; close thy eyes and I will place one against thy forehead."

"That is lead," said Jane.

"And this is copper?"

"And this is gold, I am sure—it has such a refining influence."

"All right."

"I want Jane to try this," said Hannah, passing a something folded carefully in paper, Jane kept it against her forehead sometime and then said, "If there is anything more refining in its influence than gold I should say this is a diamond."

Hannah had given her a diamond ring enclosed with a peice of wood so that Jane might not, from the external sense, recognize it as a ring. Hannah opened the paper saying, "Refining influence! diamond! perhaps thee thinks quakers should not possess diamonds; this has been in our family more than a century." Then she produced the ring, adding, "ladies with paste diamonds would not like to have them tested in this way, I should think."

"That is about enough for the first lesson," observed Mr. Martindale as he put away the writing materials; "I'll buy a large blank book to-morrow for this purpose."

"Perhaps diamonds have a refining influence on those wearing them independent of their cost," Hannah remarked.

"The money spent in diamonds," Wil, liam replied, "if appropriated to some benevolent purpose would have a more decidedly refining effect."

"That may be," quickly answered Hannah, "but does not disprove what I said; diamonds may still have a refining influence which is inherent—independent of their rarity or cost."

"Granted—granted," William replied.

On the next day Jane, in passing Isaac Carman's place of business, was accosted by him and urged to call on his wife Martha. "Thee must go into the house," he said; Martha will be very glad to see thee; come, I will go with thee."

"Here is Jane," he said to Mrs. Carman, whom they found with an elderly Quaker lady seated near the window on the stair landing sewing, the nursery door being open.

"Well, how is thee Jane?" Martha Carman asked; "I am glad to see thee; Jane Allston, Mary Shipley," she added with rather an impatient manner as she introduced the ladies to each other. Here Isaac left and went into the parlor closing the door.

"So. thee is a governess, Isaac tells me? here, be seated, Jane; how much a month has thee"

This is just the question Jane would rather not have answered, knowing the comparisons would arise in Mrs. Carman's mind, between the one dollar per week and Jane's present remuneration resulting in reflecting anything but pleasant; so Jane said very quietly, "sixteen dollars per month," adding, "Are the children very well?" with a view of avoiding further reference to the subject. But Mrs. Carman exclaimed with emphasis, "Sixteen dollars—a month! Sixteen dollars a month!! Fools and their money are soon parted; I suppose of course, thee likes it better than living with me."

Jane has resolved not to expatiate on her good fortune; so she merely replied, "I like it very well; how are thy children?"

"So thee likes it! I should think thee would—sixteen dollars a month! pray, what has thee to do?"

"O, I teach the children, and have the special care of one child."

"Does thee know that thee once said I ought to have been a slave-driver in the South?" Mrs. Carman's sewing now progressed rapidly, her needle going like machinery, she only pausing an instant at intervals to dart a scathing glance at Jane. Mary Shipley had evidently only made a call, for she had not removed from her head the orthodox quaker scoop bonnet, and sat there shawled and gloved ready to leave; but at Mrs. Carman's outburst she leaned back in her chair and looked at Jane in quiet astonishment.

"Does thee think so now?" asked Mrs. Carman, letting her sewing rest an instant on her lap and looking at Jane; then being in a hurry away flew the needle again as she added, "of course thee does; thee sent Mr. Hatherwood to Isaac to enquire as to thy character; why didn't thee send him to me? I wish I had seen him; I would have told him what an idle, impudent thing thee is!"

Jane made no reply, preferring to wait until Mrs. Carman had finished; scarcely waiting to take breath she recommenced:

"Thee once said that I measured thee by my own little selfish soul or something like that; thee is an impudent thing!" Mary Shipley's fixed look at Jane now changed to one of curiosity. "Of course thee likes it; who would not like sixteen dollars a month and an easy life that suits thee! may be thee has forgotten how particular thee was to fold up thy sewing when the clock struck eight; I have not forgotten; thee doesn't like work; I would have told him thy character—thee is an impudent, lazy piece!"

"If you are done," said Jane, dropping the quaker, *thee* and in a quiet but decisive manner, "I wish to reply."

"Yes, I've done—so hurry and say what thee likes."

"I have lived with you several months, rose at five in the morning, took the sole charge of a child two years of age who could not walk, kept three bed-rooms in order, and sewed until eight o'clock at night; for this you paid me seventy-five cents per week, the greater part of that time, though at the last you increased that sum to one dollar per week. You complained because I would not sew until ten or eleven o'clock at night; and because you did so, I said you ought to have been a slave-driver, and I think so now."

Here Mrs. Carman let her sewing fall on her lap, and her eyes fall on Jane; Mrs. Mary Shipley now had a companion for gazing."

Jane continued: "You once said that I was mean, ungrateful, and afraid I'd do too much work; I said you measured me by your own little, selfish soul; I think so now." As Jane finished she arose to leave.

"Thee is an impudent thing! thee is an impudent thing!" As Jane walked to the stairs, she noticed that Mary Shipley had not moved or altered the expression of her face.

"Thee is in a hurry to go," said Mrs. Carman, looking over the banister; "thee needn't have gone in such a hurry, I didn't mean to offend thee; surely thee knows me by this time, and I want thee to come again; I'll use thee better next time."

"Farewell" was Jane's only reply. Isaac Carman met her at the foot of the stairs, saying, "Why, thee didn't stay long; thee must come and take tea with us whenever thee comes into the city; I'm glad thee obtained thy situation; it suits thee exactly; I thought it would."

Mrs. Carman here joined them at the front door, saying, I've been scolding her, Isaac; for I haven't forgotten her calling me a slave-driver; but indeed I'm sorry; thee must come and take tea with us; thee can come this evening, can't thee?" Thinking that she hesitated, Mrs. Carman added, "Don't let her go, Isaac, until she promises to come."

Isaac smiled pleasantly as he said, "We shall be very glad, Jane, to have thee come whenever thee can make it convenient; if thee can come this evening, do."

"Friend Hannah expects me there; I thank you both; farewell!"

As Jane walked to the corner of the street with Isaac, Mrs. Carman could be heard saying, "I'll treat thee better next time; I tell thee I'll be better to thee next time."

Jane turned around and smiled, and then Mrs. Carman shut the door.

When Jane retired to her room that night, Hannah brought several letters saying, "I must read some of these to thee; I know thee would like Gavin Kirtland for a friend if nothing more; as he is not here, I want to introduce thee to his letters; he would like thee, I know, were he acquainted with thee; my William thinks he is the best man he ever knew." Then Hannah read one after another of his letters, occasionally stopping to ask how she liked such and such passages, or to exclaim "is not that good!"

It was about midnight when Hannah had finished her introduction of Jane to Garvin Kirtland's letters. "They are so like himself," she said as she arranged and tied them together; that is just the way he talks; he and my brother went to school together. When quite a young man he was sent to Europe on business and spent several years there. I was just married to my William when he returned; he seems to me like a dear brother. He is now traveling in Canada, as thee knows from his letters; he says that he hopes soon to arrange his business that he can visit us. I spoke of thee to him when I was first introduced to thee by Isaac Carman.

"Why, Hannah, thee should not have done that."

"Oh, I did not say I thought that thee would suit him for a wife. I had not, at that time, supposed anything of the kind; besides, I know thee would not like that; I would not. I spoke of thee again in my last letter in connection with this psychometry; and I intend to keep him posted in all our experiments on the subject."

"Perhaps he will think thee is dropping into vagaries and fancies."

"He is not afraid to investigate anything; he is not one of those who call out 'delusion,' 'dangerous subjects,' or anything of that kind. Has he not a condensed style, strong and comprehensive; but then, it is just like him, for he is, I think, condensed goodness and wisdom himself."

"Thee has not told me his parentage."

"He is American; his grandfather, I have heard Gavin remark, was Scotch; his mother died when he was young; he was her only child; he was born in Philadelphia; my house is his home now; his father died about six years ago; they attended Quaker meetings but were not Quakers. Mr. Kirtland, the old gentleman, said that he did not believe the church of Christ should be divided; he was something like my William—rather skeptical. I must not talk any longer; thee is tired, and I am keeping thee awake. Gavin loves truth wherever found—in or out of the church; he is a philanthropist—always ready in every good work, and word. Good night."

"Gavin would like Jane, I am sure," said Hannah to her husband that night, "and she would like him; I wish he would come home for a while."

"Perhaps so," he replied, "but don't thee think thee is a little too fast? She might like friend Martindale, and he might like her."

"I never thought of that—I suppose because I never think of his marrying at all; then, again, I do not think they are suitable; O, no! Gavin is the one for Jane."

"Well, I only said this to cool thy enthusiasm a little on this subject, for we can't judge of people's likes and dislikes."

"True; but I think it is right to try and bring the right ones together; Jane and Gavin shall see each other; then I have done my part."

"Thee thinks because we like both of them that they must like each other."

"That and something more. I like friend Martindale; but for Jane—Gavin Kirtland."

To be Continued.

The Marriage Question.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

There appears to be, in the newspaper, as well as in the outside world, a class of persons whose aim is the destruction of the institution of marriage. I am not sure but we shall, in the course of events, come to a time when all the old sacredness of our marriage relations may be overwhelmed by the new so-called, philosophies, better denominated sophistries, of our generation. But its sacredness can never be lost, for it is a good, and belongs to the realm of truths, and truths never die. They "rise again," though forced to succumb to circumstances for a time.

I suppose these innovators believe they have the highest good of the greatest number in view, and are as honest, in their way, as I may be in opposing them. They are doing their work, and getting the usual pay of agitators—opprobrium. In all revolutions which are consummated by reformations, we always have fanatical leaders, who trouble the waters, and are as useful as the sub-soil ploughs of the movement. They stir the foundations of society, deep below its surface; set good, staid people a-thinking; and the result is the emancipation of the slave, *without* the dismemberment of the Union; the emancipation from the tyranny of dress, without the excess of Bloomerism; and the emancipation of woman, without the abrogation of the marriage relation. I do not see it necessary to advocate this last, at all. In cases where there is no real marriage, but only external union, parties are rapidly taking care of themselves, by virtue of the divorce laws of our States, which should all, for the good of community, be rendered as available as those of Indiana are at present.

Place woman on an equality with man, in the matter of work and wages, and let the divorce laws become as above desired, and if men and women have any affection in common between them, the law will be a terror over their heads—if they need a terror to cause them to treat each other honorably; and if they have no affection, they ought never to have been legally joined together, and the quicker they are separated the better for the good of society and themselves.

I am quite sure there are instances, in this world, of true marriage, a union of soul with soul, but alas! how few! These can never be unmarried, whatever commotion may be in the elements, and they serve as a beacon-light to others, to assure them there may be that peace in store for them. But the most of husbands and wives groan over their unadaptation to each other; struggle against disunion, hoping the future may bring grateful changes; live in this way until death comes, or give up in despair, and pursue different life paths. These conditions are brought about by ignorance, your and my ignorance, dear reader, of the high laws of our being. "We are but *children* of a larger growth, and when we become full-grown men and women, morally, intellectually and spiritually, this condition of things will cease. Until then there must, from necessity, be "wars and rumors of wars," earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, to clear, by agitation, the atmosphere of our truer natures, and allow us to come to the stature of the soul as ultimately intended by our maker, when we were "born of the earth, earthy."

So we must have all the patience we can, when the wailing cries come to our ears, surging up from our own souls, and from the millions, remembering that we have the skulls of our grandfathers of thousands of years ago, in our possession, that resemble those of monkeys much more than men, and be encouraged by the progress thus far achieved, to hope for an acceleration of it, in geometrical ratio. When our growth gets fairly initiated, it may be that it shall, like the tale that is told, gain to itself so rapidly, as soon to cover the whole earth with its brightness, and there we may hope for quietude in this direction, allowing us to go on to continued advancement in others.

In the present relation of the sexes to each other, I think that the marriages of to-day, as hollow as they are, in many cases, are our best physical safeguards to women. We are striving for the time when it will not be proper to say this; when woman, standing upon her own feet, shall be the arbiter of her own destiny. To-day we must be maintained, and cannot maintain ourselves. When we are equal to man before the law, and in the eyes of society, even then there will be no call for the demolishment of the the marriage tie, though if left upon our own resources, it would not throw us, in a mass, into the cess-pools of prostitution, as it would be liable to do now. Marriage will become sanctified, when there are two parties to the ratification of it where now there is but one, for it will cease to be meroly a bread and butter affair, but shall arise from an attraction of our inner and purer natures, an affinity of our loves, and trusts, and aspirations, that seeks each as a companion to help the other over eternity's ever-ascending highways.

I believe in the monogamic principle of marriage, thoroughly and entirely. We fail sometimes, and often, to find the one that seems to correspond to our ideal of a perfect husband or wife, and in many cases the fault may be our own. We do not allow enough for poor human nature, in each other. We should remember, too, that every experience we pass through, is a part of our own developing process. We are unconsciously aiding, also, in the perfecting of those with whom we come in contact, so our incongruities, in this rudimental plane, may be just what we each need to bring us to an awakening to the true requirements of happiness.

A marriage, once entered into, should be sacredly regarded, as long as it is possible. Each must answer to the judge within himself, as to the limitation of this time. When our feelings are so outraged, that all love and respect for our companion is gone, it is then time to depart, leaving no curses, if possible; but going in sorrow, and in pity for those who so little understood their own best good, as to injure us perseveringly. "A brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases; but God hath called us to peace." (1st Cor. vii. 15.) There is but one soul union; if through our blindness or misfortune we find it not here, we shall find it hereafter, when "we are as the angels of God in heaven." If we are striving for the good and pure, let this be our consolation. *It is a consolation.*

Therefore my work, so far as it relates to the sexes, must not be to aid in sundering ties already formed, which should be holy and productive of holiness to each, but to strive to open all eyes to the worse than folly of ignorance, and to the great blessing of a thorough knowledge of ourselves, and of each other, and to teach that old, but ever, and forever new, and golden rule, to "do as we would be done by," brings to us, as well as to those around us, the greatest amount of happiness.

After all, that short, but beautiful, motto underlies and overlies all our proudest moral philosophies, and, if carried out, would bless the world beyond its wildest visions. May we have the grace given to strengthen us, to do as well as we know! Dayville, Ct.

A New Party.

Having tolled the bell and shed a parting tear over the downfall of the late Democratic party, the nation is now ready to follow the funeral cortege of its illustrious successor to its last home. With the the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the Republican party finishes its work. If it could now, without any protracted death throes, be quietly gathered to its Fathers, and decently buried beside the old Whigs and Federalists of other days, the people could afford to build a granite monument to its memory, with the inscription thereon, "Died gloriously, after a long fought but victorious battle with the monster slavery."

It is a great mistake for parties to linger superfluous upon the stage after the curtain drops; it is well to die at the right time or to disappear behind the scenes.

Slavery is dead! and all the people have said, Amen! Now let us have no more special legislation for freedom, but study the broader questions of national life that affect all citizens equally, black and white, men and women.

Let Mr. Sumner and Mr. Phillips now blossom out into the full grown statesmen they both so well describe, and instead of demanding forty acres of land for every black man, demand an inviolable homestead for all the sons and daughters under our flag. Plowed up as this nation has been by the war, public thought is forced to the consideration of many other grave problems beside that of personal freedom; or rather, we have learned that personal freedom even, demands a complete re-adjustment of our whole political, religious and social system. When the Proclamation of Emancipation set 4,000,000 Africans free, Mr. Phillips said freedom was a mockery without the ballot. Now, he says the ballot is a mockery without land. To-morrow he will say land is useless without capital or credit enough to supply means to work it, and all this is true, not only the black man, but of every other citizen. The prosperity of the individual, the family, the nation, North and South, all depends on the wise settlement of the questions of Suffrage, Capital and Labor, Finance, Taxes, Free Trade, and Land Monopoly.

All truths run in parallel lines, and are so closely allied that no one can be carried to success, without in a measure pushing forward all the rest. Reform in any one direction is futile. What we need to-day is statesmanship broad enough to comprehend and harmonize the whole round of human needs and duties. The party of the future to rise from the ashes of those now passing away, will have graver subjects for adjustment than National Bank Swindles and Whisky Frauds.

While we all alike mourn over the multiplied wrongs and abuses that appal our wisest thinkers, let us study into the causes of these things, and learn to deal with principles rather than results. While establishing prohibitory laws, let us go deeper down and regulate those conditions that produce morbid appetites While building prisons for theives and murderers, let us legislate against all monopolies, excessive taxes, rates of interest, protracted labor, and all those measures that help to concentrate wealth in the hands of the few, thus making paupers and criminals of the many; and in a more equal distribution of wealth, education and happiness, let us end the selfish competition, the vices and crimes that mark our present type of civilization.—*The Revolution.*

What Rum Costs.

The New York *Tribune* recently presented a most astounding statement, the accuracy of which we have no convenient means of testing, but which we assume—especially since we have seen no contradiction of its figures—to be correct. The Tribune alleges that "Rum" taxes the country every year an amount exceeding the whole principal of the national debt. It quotes the authority of the Commissioner of the Revenue, Mr. Wells, that the official and sworn return of the retail dealers of the United States show that the value of the liquors sold by them over the counter was, last year, $1,483,491,865. It announces that these returns fall short of the facts, as they naturally would be supposed to do, and also that in making the amount of liquor sold, $750,000,000 worth of grains, potatoes, hops, labor, etc., were consumed, that is to say, that the value of these article was deducted from the sum total of the industry of the country, making grain, which would otherwise have been converted into bread, dearer, etc. "Adding the value of the food products and labor which are withdrawn from all useful channels and practically destroyed in the manufacture of spiritous liquors, we find the total destruction of values amounts to $2,250,000,000 per year, or considerably more than the interest-bearing portion of the national debt." And to all this we must still add the loss to the labor, health and industry of the people which results from the use of alcoholic drinks.

The *Tribune* estimates merely the time wasted in intoxication, and the destruction of property from the carelessness and crimes of intoxicated persons at $300,000,000 per annum. And it concludes thus: "This brings our annual taxation for "Free Rum" up to $2,550,000,000, or considerably more than the entire principal of the national debt. In other words, if there were no spirituous liquors drank in the United States, the people would save enough thereby to pay off their entire national debt within one year. The people of Great Britain, France, Prusia, Austria, and Russsia could do the same with their respective debts.

From the Independent.

The School Question in Cincinnati.

The Superior Court of Cincinnati has recently rendered its decision in regard to the School Question, so thoroughly argued before the court some weeks since. The decision continues the injunction and makes it permanent, forbidding the Board of Education to carry into effect the resolutions adopted on the 1st of November last in respect to religious instruction, and the reading of the Bible in the public schools of that city. Judge HOGAN and Judge STORER stated the grounds of this decision, and Judge TAFFT gave an opinion dissenting from that held by the majority of the court. We have before us merely a synopsis of these opinions, which we assume to be substantially correct. The decision as we learn is not final, since Messrs. Matthews, Hoadley and Stallo, the counsel for the Board of Education, have given notice of their intention to carry the question before the Supreme Court of Ohio. It will hence be several months before the case is finally settled by the highest judicial authority of the state; and in the meantime the subject itself is likely to receive a thorough discussion, not only in Ohio, but in other parts of the country. Nothing is more evident than that the school question is now fully launched upon the public mind. Its consideration in all the principles involved, and all the practical bearings of the same, has become a living necessity of the times.

The action taken by the Cincinnati Board of Education, which has largely contributed to this result, we have in the following resolutions, passed on the 1st of November, 1869.

"*Resolved*, That religious instruction and the reading of the Holy Bible are prohibited in the common schools of Cincinnati, it being the true object and intent of this rule to allow the children of parents of all sects and opinions as to matters of faith and worship to enjoy alike the benefit of the common school fund.

"*Resolved*, That so much of the regulations on the course of study and text-books in the intermediate and district schools (p. 213 Annual Report) as reads as follows: 'The opening exercises of every department shall commence by reading a portion of the Bible by or under the direction of the teacher, and appropriate singing of the pupils,' be repealed."

These are the resolutions which the Board of Education are by the decision of the court, restrained from carrying into effect. The second resolution repeals a previous rule adopted by the Board, requiring the reading of the Bible and appropriate singing as a part of the opening exercises of the public schools of Cincinnati. The first resolution prohibits religious instruction and Bible reading in these schools, in order to open them more fully, as the resolution affirms, to the children of all sects and classes. Both of these resolutions are set aside by the court, and the previously existing rule of singing and the Bible reading made *mandatory* by the authority of the state, speaking through the court. The theory of the court, in arriving at this result, comes very near involving, if it does not actually involve, the doctrine that Christianity is a legally established religion in the state of Ohio. Appealing to the Bill of Rights as affirming that religion is essential to good government, the court defines this religion to mean Christianity, and then decides that the Bible, being the basis of Christianity, must be read in the public schools as the means of teaching it. This, while denying the right of the Board of Education to reverse their own rule on this subject, is a virtual *enforcement* of religious teaching in the common schools of Cincinnati by the authority of law. Such is the legal and practical effect of the decision made by the court.

Whether this view of the question be a correct interpretation of the constitution and laws of the state of Ohio is a point which for the present may be held in abeyance. If the case, as seems now likely to be the fact, shall go to the Supreme Court, the public will at length be fully advised as to the requirements of the law. We may say, however, that having read the able and exhaustive arguments *pro* and *con* before the Supreme Court, we did not discover any just legal grounds for the decision arrived at by the court. To us it seemed that the Board of Education had simply done what they had a *legal* right to do as the official administrators of the school system of Cincinnati, and that the question of *discretion* was one for them to determine, without any interference by courts of law. We presumed that such would be the doctrine of the court.

As to the general question in application to our American system of common schools, we have no doubt as to what is expedient and consistent with our theory of civil government. Those who insist upon Bible reading and religious singing in the public schools, must do so for a *reason*; and, if they will trace that reason to its final ground, they will find themselves adopting a principle which has been rejected—as we think, wisely—in the organization of our political and civil institutions. We can well understand how those governments which unite church and state and blend ecclesiastical and civil functions should carry this principle into their systems of popular education, so far as they have any; but we do not so readily perceive how or why religion should be made a part of state education among the people who utterly disclaim all union between church and state, and base their civil system simply upon those rights which are the common heritage of all, without any modification or qualification by any religious tenets or dogmas. To us it seems clear that the system of popular education conducted by the authority of the state, and supported by general taxation, should not undertake the work of religious teaching. We do not believe that the latter falls properly within the province of the former, either as a means or an end. The fact of history is that the state has always proved itself a very poor religious teacher. It is not adapted to the work; and the better way, alike for the interests of religion and the state, is to leave this branch of education with the family and the church, and such other agencies as individuals spontaneously choose to establish and sustain. This is the only theory that is consistent with our system of civil government.

Moreover, in the struggle which is now pending with reference to common schools, the great danger is not that religion or the Bible will suffer harm, but that our school system itself will be shattered into fragments by contending religious parties. The Catholics desire this result. They proclaim their purpose openly. What they want is a division of the school funds, so that they may use their part for sectarian purposes. The proper mode of meeting them in this issue is to plant our school system upon the ground of American *citizenship*, and keep it there. Let the system be as broad as our common citizenship, embodying and reflecting its principles, and nothing else, and it will safely outride the storm. Make it the theatre of religious partizanship, whether Catholic or Protestant, and in the end it will either be ruined or its efficiency for good will be greatly impaired. We hence advise all classes whether they be Protestants or Catholics, Jews or Infidels, to content themselves with a common school system that ignores their religious differences, and addresses its agency to that branch of education about which there can be no just grounds of controversy. Agreeing to do this, they will preserve the system unharmed, and at the same time have the most perfect liberty to gratify their religious preferences in other relations.

THE PRESENT AGE

DORUS M. FOX, Editor.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE, MISS NETTIE M. PEASE. } *Associate Editors.*

J. S. LOVELAND, EDITOR PHILOSOPHICAL DEP'T.

MRS. E. L. WATSON, MRS. S. A. HORTON, A. B. FRENCH, DR. F. L. WADSWORTH. } *Corresponding Editors.*

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS. } Editors New York Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed, No. 16 West 24th St., New York City.

ANNIE D. CRIDGE, Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, March 12, 1870.

Plain Talk.

We received a few days since a letter from some person who designates himself "A Subscriber, which is dated and reads as follows:

"Detroit, Feb. 28, 1870.

COL. FOX: I supposed when I subscribed for the PRESENT AGE, that it was to be a Spiritual paper, one that I could read an hour of a day when free from the cares of this life, and not "Woman Suffrage," "Labor Reform" and other political questions of which I get enough in the eternal jangle of the newspapers all through the week. I have paid you to the end of this year, after which I shall not renew. A SUBSCRIBER."

We congratulate Detroit in view of the fact that such a remarkable specimen of old fogyism is numbered among its inhabitants.

When a boy, but seven years of age, we passed through Detroit, then (1824) a little town of some two thousand people, mostly French. Had one of its then inhabitants been mummyized and suddenly on the day in which above letter was written been re-vivified, opened his mouth and uttered above, we should not have been surprised. Our only wonder now is, how such a person was ever induced to subscribe for the PRESENT AGE, which we are yet inclined somewhat to doubt. We therefore make you, sir, this proposition. Send us your name and we will stop your paper now, so that your rest may not be disturbed by such agitating questions as "Woman's Suffrage," "Labor Reform," etc.; And more, we will return you the money for the quarter yet unexpired, for we *do* want your name. We would recommend as the spiritual paper best adapted to your condition, the "New-York Observer," or some such ante-deluvian organ, if such can be found.

The PRESENT AGE, venerable friend, is not the paper you need, for be assured you will be continually harrassed with these perplexing questions the coming year, more than ever before, and for all time to come, or at least until the work is accomplished. The PRESENT AGE *is* a "Spiritual paper" and finds itself *now* in a world of spirits, clothed, it is true in habiliments of flesh, suffering ones of earth, demanding some attention at our hands; laboring as they do under the oppression of unjust and tyrannical laws, the burdens thrown upon labor by capital, and the social wrongs of society. For *such we shall write—to remove such* burdens we shall labor. The letter above is but one of many hints we have received, that we had better devote our columns wholly to *Spiritualism*, meaning by the word to refer to matters relating entirely to the world of spirits to which we are tending. This is all well, and we propose in our humble way to advocate the Spiritual philosophy, by and *only* through which can a future life be demonstrated. We believe the greater includes the lesser; and that we are best accomplishing the work of Modern Spiritualism when we work for the good of humanity. Hence we shall devote the columns of the AGE to every subject social or political (not partizan) which we may regard of sufficient importance to demand our attention. We never felt so deeply the value of this life as now, and it is with *this life* we have *now* more particularly to do.

"Life is real, life is earnest:" This is felt by the angels from the higher life, who work with and for us. We shall make a specialty of the Woman's Suffrage" question, and the advocacy of woman's interest by granting to her all the privileges of the opposite sex, special or otherwise. The enormous abuses and burdens heaped upon the labor of the country and the world, by capital unjustly accumulated in the hands of the few, and these having the sanction of the religious sects of the day who have departed far from the teachings of Jesus, will receive no favor in the columns of the AGE. It is not against individuals we war, but against systems we would have changed.

The question arises, shall we be sustained in this work. *We cannot do it alone.* Those who would have us live and thus work must AID US. A few are doing nobly, but at our present price our subscription must be doubled or we must advance the price of our paper, which we may have to do at the commencement of next volume. We are now on the last quarter of the year, and all who immediately renew for another year will have the paper at same price as heretofore. We shall probably enlarge with the commencement of the new volume. We ask a careful reading of the contents of the last numbers of the AGE and the great variety of subjects presented for consideration, as a promise for the future.

Christ and Spiritualism.

The following letter explains why we head our article as above:

DUPLAIN, Feb. 1., 1870.

DORUS M. FOX:

DEAR SIR:—I wrote you yesterday, giving an invitation to Mr. Averill to lecture in this vicinity during the winter. What Mr. Averill's views may be in regard to Christianity I know not, but I have this to say, that if they are similar to those promlugated by Mr. Loveland, I feel that he could do no good here and in that case, you may consider the invitation to be withdrawn. I do not regard the mission of Christ or his teachings as at all in conflict with Spiritualism, and I think if Christ be cast aside, Spiritualism will not commend itself to the consciences and aspirations of all good men.

Respectfully, S. PEARL.

Now, we are not certain that our correspondent is authorized to thus speak for the Spiritualists of Clinton county, or of those in his immediate vicinity. We do not see how he is to get Mr. Averill's views of Christ, or Christianity, unless he gives him an opportunity to speak for himself. We suppose that brothers Loveland and Averill, entertain each their own views of Christ, and Christianity, which they have a perfect right to, as has brother Pearl. We think it altogether probable that the sentiments of Messrs. L. and A., as enunciated, will be found to accord with the views of the great body of Spiritualists of America; of whom we know not any, who cast away Christ, Confucius, Pythagoras, or any other man. The Spiritual Philosophy knows no "cast-aways," neither does it know any *savior* outside of man himself, except as such may become *aids* in the great march of human progress and the amelioration of the condition of our race. The teachings of Jesus to whom our correspondent also gives the honorary title Christ, and the teachings and practices of Christianity, so-called at the present day differ vastly; so much so, that we question whether Jesus, if he should appear, as formerly, on earth, would even be admitted to a seat, certainly not to the pulpit of one of the Christian churches of to-day.

If our brother, however, wished to convey the idea of a personal savior, Christ, who has made atoning sacrifice for sin, and thro' whom salvation from the consequences of wrong-doing may be avoided; we think he will find little sympathy among Spiritualists, who believe in a philosophy which teaches that suffering must ever follow transgression of law, and from which there is no escape. We hope all Spiritualists have outgrown this dogma of the Christian church. We can assure our brother that all attempts to engraft Spiritualism upon the Christian church, or to reconcile the teachings of modern Spiritualism with those of Christianity will prove failures—they are irreconcilable. The one teaches man's depravity, the necessity of a savior outside of himself, an angry God, a tempting devil, and an endless hell. The other declares man's divinity and inherent powers of goodness, final salvation and happiness. Man suffers in consequence of wrong relations to God's laws. A knowledge of those laws and wisdom to direct in their observance will save man from suffering. To be definite—Christianity seeks to have man humiliated, God glorified. Spiritualism would exalt and glorify man.

The teachings of Jesus, as we find them recorded, in the main are good. We think there are a few exceptions, one in particular occurs to us at this moment, wherein we are told: "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed," etc. We are quite sure this would not be a safe rule to adopt. We have no doubt that our friends in Clinton county will be glad to receive brother Averill and listen to his elucidation of the Spiritual Philosophy as taught us by the inspired men and women of this and spirits from the higher life, and such as accords with our God-given faculty, reason.

RESISTANCE.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

The sea's deep billows moves with noiseless flow
Till tides oppose, or coast-lines frown before,
Then their rage rouses and they crash and roar,
And all the winds with foam and thunder sow!
The waves of light through deeps of darkness go
Icy and black, till, dashed upon the shore
Of a blind world, they foam to flames that pour
Irradiant splendors over all below!
Power slumbers in the calm of quiet souls
Till stormy days of batile and debate
Rouse the pent fire, when passion's thunder rolls,
And thought's swift lightnings leap and corruscate,
Swathing the world in glory! A great life
Is of Resistance born, and nursed by noble strife.

From Anti Slavery Standard.

New Society.

We are glad to notice by the following extract from the Bay City *Signal*, that an interest has been awakened in Bay County, where heretofore little has been accomplished. We judge from what we hear that under the active earnest spirit of our young brother Root, as its President, the Wenona Society will become a power for good, and prove to be like "*leaven* hidden in meal," that shall indeed affect the whole county.

No wonder the Hall was crowded, to listen to the ever kind and persuasive words of sister Horton. We have never met any person so well adapted to the missionary work as is sister H. Her early experience in the Christian church, her twelve years of labor in the broader fields of Spiritualism, her charity for all, and above all her deep sincerity in the cause she advocates, and earnestness of manner carry conviction to all who hear, and eminently fit her as a successful laborer among a people who desire an answer to the question. "What is Spiritualism?"

One thing more, our friends of Wenona want twenty-five copies of the PRESENT AGE, to put into the hands of enquirers, (who do not go to the lecturers,) as an answer to the above inquiry.

"BANGOR SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.—This Society is a free religious body which was organized in the Township of Bangor on the 26th of December 1869, with a full board of officers, M. A. Root being President. The incorporation was completed on the 8th of February. Meetings have been held at the residences of members since the organization, but the accommodations thus afforded proving too small, the Society has leased Babo Hall, in Wenona, where, hereafter, Sunday meeting will be held steadily at 2 o'clock P. M., and occasionally on week-day evenings, to which the public are cordially invited. On last Thursday evening Mrs. S. A. Horton, at present filling an engagment before the Spiritual Society of East Saginaw, favored the public with a lecture on "What is Spiritualism?" under the auspices of the Bangor Society, and although the weather was most disagreeable, Babo Hall was crowded, and the utmost satisfaction is expressed, as well as a lively interest to listen to her again."

"The Career of the Christ Idea In History."

We have been favored with the following extract from Hudson Tuttle's new book with the above title now in press. Those who are looking for the issue of this work with the greatest anxiety, are the persons who have read "The God Idea in History," from the same author.

"The philosopher feels himself to be but an insignificant atom in the universe; the savage revels in the belief that he is the born king of the world."

Tread with care, then, on these darling beliefs. Do not say they are fables—the tricks of hypocrisy and knavery on ignorant credulity. Millions and hundreds of millions bow to the shrines of their gods with equal reverence and faith as the Christian, and in their hearts as deeply commiserate the deluded followers of a carpenter's son, as the latter possibly can *their* delusion. The day of scoffing other religions has passed. The faiths that have satisfied great empires are realities, if false. They must be studied as manifestations of mind, without regard to their truth or falsehood. Let us rise above all prejudice whatever, and learn the truth of all systems.

Satan takes his place with Siva in mythology, and a new age expresses more precisely its conceptions of truth by saying man is tempted by his own passions.

If miracles are of use in one age they are in another. Faith will answer for the ignorant and unthinking, but is the worst of evidence in a court at law, or the court of reason.

The old is all-powerful, is adamantine, and can only be conquered with blood."

J. S. Loveland in Battle Creek.

We clip the following notices from the *Constitutional Union* of Battle Creek, where our worthy associate has been speaking the last six months. We hope "Donation Parties" for our speakers may become more common. We would like to attend one for sister Horton in Saginaw, sister Pearsall any where, on her large circuit, sister Fowler in Adrian, sister Nettie M. Pease in Niles—Bro. Whiting in Albion, or any of our speakers at any place in the state. Friends, shall we have such an invitation? We guarantee that not one of our speakers would object.

GONE TO CALIFORNIA.

"Rev. J. S. LOVELAND, who has lectured at Stuart's Hall under the auspices of the Spiritualists of Battle Creek, left for San Francisco, Cal. on Tuesday night. He came to this city some six or seven months ago, and during that time has earned a high reputation among our citizens as a lecturer. His lectures have been highly interesting and instructive, and the large audiences that have always greeted him are ample testimony of the esteem in which he was held. His departure will be sincerely regretted, and he leaves many warm friends behind him."

THE DONATION PARTY.

The Donation Party given for the benefit of J. S. Loveland, on Tuesday evening, was a very pleasant affair. Quite a large company were assembled, all of whom enjoyed themselves until the little hours.

The dancing, of course, was the best part of it for the young people, who took ample advantage of the opportunity thus offered. The supper was excellently gotten up, the table being spread with delicasies, to which commendable justice was done, so that the inner and outer man were satisfied with the entertainment. Financially it was a decided success, judging from the crowded state of the Hall. A number of useful and fancy articles were disposed of at auction, and by chance a large sum was realized from their sale. Four large quilts, really fine pieces of work attracted considerable attention. We were not informed as to the receipts, but it is safe to say that a good profit was realized"

Time Expired.

Our subscribers whose time of payment have expired, or will expire with next two numbers, are notified of the fact by an ⋈ on their papers of this week. We hope they will renew at once, and each one send us at same time at least one new subscriber.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE

Delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge in Washington, D. C., Feb. 27th, 1870, on the of subject of Special Providence and Prophecy.

To the Spiritualists, the question of human responsibility is no longer doubtful. The proofs of the fact of *spirit interposition* (which is substantially the basis of a belief in special providence) are so wide-spread and general, as practically to constitute universality, and belong, more or less, to the experience of every individual. Yet we must not therefore lose sight of the complementary fact that such interpositions are not invariably successful. In the lives of Paul, Silas, Peter and Jesus, are found numerous examples of these interpositions; yet they were inadequate to avert fatal results to the individuals. Though the history of all great reformers is full of Spiritual providences, there would seem to be a failure at the termination. Is this power like that of the God of the hills, which was impotent against the iron chariots?

In proportion as we trace back the history of the physical creation the evidences of *necessity*. as the ruling principle accumulate. Is it, then, *a pruri* probable, that *man* should alone be free, while nature is thus subjected to the rule of necessity? Inherited tendencies, education and the dicipline of circumstances, all combined, constitute *motives* for action.

Contrast the barbarian of Africa with the man who is the product of civilization; the latter is as much *compelled* to act by reason of his advanced position, as the former is hindered from acting by reason of his ignorance. So all artists, poets, painters and machinists, etc., are by the very law of their being *compelled* to the exercise of their respective gifts.

Why are we Spiritualists? To answer this question, let us ask the events which have occurred within our knowledge, our mental peculiarities, the evidence which we have received. By these we have been compelled, in defiance of popular opinion, to isolate ourselves.

The effect which leading minds produce on society are results flowing from the peculiar organizations of such minds, and these again are the results of pre-existing circumstances and conditions.

PROPHESY has assumed various forms in various ages and countries. There are the prophets and seers of old; there is Astrology; there is divination, sneered at as fortune-telling; and there is Clairvoyance. Prophesy, too, is a power, which in some way or another, reveals itself in every mediumistic person. Fate, prophesy renders it inevitable; if the future can be percieved and represented, it must be immutable. All science proves to us immutable law; that law always manifests itself in matter; each atom of matter is a gospel of law. But the spirit within us is not subject to the laws of matter, except so far as matter enters into its composition. The spirit is above matter; to spirit there is no boundary; the body cannot traverse the earth, but the spirit will find means to scale the universe. The great aim and development of life, is to enable spirit to conquer matter. Our spirits are free. We are living in a world of law, but denizens of a world of liberty; hence the incongruities of our present form of existence. We approach freedom in proportion as our spirits learn to control matter. Hence the civilized man is freer than the savage; spirits are in a still larger freedom. They do not *break* or *suspend* the laws of matter, but *master* them by means of higher laws. But this power has its limits. While they cannot transcend the laws of matter, they can warn us of the consequences of violating those laws, and enable us to ward off disaster. The elements, even when causes of misfortune, are our teachers. By shipwreck and storm, we have been enabled to traverse the ocean in greater safety; for they have led us to study better the laws which regulate it. So with other elements. But whatever temporary and individual calamities may result, the future will render permanent and exact justice.

It is a truth that we are free; it is a truth that we are bound—bound as matter, free as spirit. The sense of responsibility is the recognition by the spirit of its own power.

Notes on my way to the Summer Land.

BY PROFESSOR W. PUTNAM.

I have already said that the human is part divine, and aspires towards superior intelligences. The bard of Avon exclaims:

"What a piece of work is man! how noble
In reason; how infinite in faculties;
In form and moving, how express and
Admirable; in action how like an angel;
In apprehension, how like a God!"

Young, in his somber and devout poesy, pens the following in admiration of man's high position in the scale of being:

"How august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder, He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes;
Connection exquisite of distant worlds,
Distinguished link in beings endless chain—
Midway from nothing to a Deity;
Dim miniature of greatness absolute,
Helpless immortal, insect infinite,
A worm, a God!" * * *
"I tremble at myself, and in myself am lost!"

Yet he opens his life-scene more helpless than a worm of the dust, without raiment, and destitute of the natural means of defense. His life is a "harp of a thousand strings." Death and danger await him on every hand. There are bruises and thorns for his flesh; poisons and venomous reptiles pierce his life; breaks for his bones; disease and pain for his system; howling beasts and prowling fellow-men thirsting for his blood. Cold freezes him; water drowns him; lightning strikes him; fire and tornadoes demolish his habitation; earthquakes engulf him; the sea continually yawns for him; mysterious and unseen agents are above and below and around him, dealing death, danger and destruction to his dearest delights. But think, this being is still endowed with the guardian angel of reason; "there's a divinity that stirs within him," a monarch whose throne is above the elements of earth; and who will not even yield his life to "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

See how mind exerts the gigantic energies of its power. He rises from the weakness of infancy, and stands in the full strength of manhood. He fabricates raiment, and is arrayed in the glory of a Solomon. He invents and forges implements of art and weapons of defense. He wards off the lightning, and guides the ship over the ocean. He aggregates himself into a nation and rears a standard of power, as lord of the land and mistress of the seas. He has risen high, and may rise still higher above the grovelings of his lower nature. The agriculturist, the mechanic, the artist, the scholar, the patriot, the statesman, the lady, the gentleman, the jurist, the physician, the theologian and the philosopher are high planes of elevation in man's progressive nature, and are the antipodes of the passional position of mere animal being.

In a physical view, he is a mysterious walking machine. Now he moves toward the wilderness with an instrument of steel on his shoulder, and see! the forest bows before it. The ferocious beast at first confronts him, but quails and retires before the terror of his eye.

Visit the shops of mechanical labor, and listen to the splash of the waterwheels, the hissing of the steam, the whizzing of the machinery, the clattering of the looms, the whizzing of the spindles, the gingle of the anvils; and the mechanic may point you to the iron steam-horse, as it rumbles and whistles and whizzes by you; to the moving steam-palace of the deep; to the villages and cities looming up in beauty and grandeur in the distance; to the Chinese wall and pyramids, and exclaim, 'These are the monuments to my fame.' Enter the galleries of art, and you will see the paintings of Raphael, the powers of a Powers, and the teachings of a Phideas. Go with a scholar to his study, and witness the mystic work of thought, as it is recorded on the written page, a boon to the future. Attend with the physician the bedside of the sick, see him neutralize poison, allay pain, and serve as nature's agent in curing disease. Look at that long list of bright names on the roll of fame, "names that were not born to die."

"Hark from the pulpit, forum and legislative hall; thought born on form of magic words, is sown broadcast to cheer and bless mankind. Let the poetic philosopher describe the magic mysteries of speech:

"Behold what fire is in his eye, what fervor on his cheek,
What glorious burst of winged words; how bound they
from his tongue;
The full expression of the mighty thought; the strong, triumphant argument;
The rush of Nature's eloquence resistless as Niagara.
Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affections
to thy purpose;
And all in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous
emotions;—
Verily, O. man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall
throne thee with archangels."

Watch that philosopher; he has just arisen from a consultation with Confucius, Plato, Socrates, Locke, Bacon, Newton and Herschel. He peers at earth and heaven. He is grasping the agencies and mysteries of the mental and corporeal worlds. Earth, air, ocean, soul and sense are his fields for exploration. Look, thought sits heavy upon his brow. He is tracing the subtle affinities of mind, and anon the laws of matter. But he is aroused, and enters the practical field of investigation. See him, with his microscope, planting an atom on his field-plate, and raising from it a little world; and then calmly reaching up taking down the lightning, and carefully placing it in a corner of his studio. Now he perforates the earth, dives into the ocean, scales the mountain, peeps into the volcano, and now adjusts his telescope; and in the language of Pollock, "leaves the earth at will, and soars to heaven, reads the glorious visions of the skies, to the music of the rolling spheres intelligently listens, and gazes far back into the awful depths of Deity."

Man is a wonder to man. There is a mystery in the life he leads, and in the death he dies. In a life of mysterious agencies, we fulfil the measure of the finite. We are surrounded with beauties wonders and glories, of which we can but see in part and know in part. Order, harmony, magnificence, power, are proclaimed to us through all the works of nature, yet incomprehensibility spreads its dark mantle over her manifestations We may examine the organization of a grain of sand, or the mote that floats in the atmosphere, or listen to the evening song of the insect, or ascend the heavens and fly from star to star, and incomprehensibility meets us at every point of our investigation with its thousand utterances, saying: be silent and adore.

As man is the last and highest development of the animal kingdom; so he is the last and crowning incomprehensibility of creation.—And when that living soul, that microcosm, that miniature world, that epitome of the universe, the highest and noblest work of God appeared, well might it be said, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Berrien Springs, Mich., Feb. 14, 1870.

For the Present Age.

For Sale.

The wise seek to procure that which will gratify a want of their being, while the foolish spend their time and money for that which satisfieth not. The thoughtful in attaching a price to an article are governed by its usefulness, the foolish by its splendors. The world and age are full of buyers and sellers. Everything is for sale. Not only houses and lands, but also honor, truth, virtue, liberty, God and the human soul.

While it is said, the man who steals my good name takes that which does not enrich him, but makes me poor indeed; yet men and women sell good name, reputation, character and all that makes them manly and womanly for some glittering bauble, or transient honor. Some sacrifice all self respect, all that dignifies, for popularity, the praise of men, even though their inner nature plaintively cries out for food and freedom. But leaving out the faults and mistakes of others we inquire what have you and I to sell, and how shall we make sale, by private bargain or public auction. For one, I have no moral or immoral qualities to sell. The moral are good for me, and I have none to spare. The immoral have degraded me, and would my fellow beings, hence I should not sell. I have, however, for sale some Spiritualists recently imported, and of a select, exclusively so, variety. No others I trust like them in this or other States, and hence a novelty which should aid my sale. Not being good at description, and besides dealing with those who like the young robin swallows whatever is put in their mouths, it will be amply sufficient to say they are in their own estimation Spiritualists. Not that their Spiritualism goes down very deep, simply making the lower part of the back brain, leaving untouched the lungs and heart. In the main they are honest. They will not steal clothing from the line, or dollars from the money drawer; yet they do not I grieve to say hesitate to defame the good name or reputation of others for the sole purpose of polishing up their own and making them bright by contrast. Nor does the husband hesitate to borrow his neighbors wife, or the wife of another woman's husband on the plea of affinity, and as a means of gratifying their Spiritual (carnal) natures.

But as an offset to these seeming defects of character they are generous and free, in borrowing the papers of others just to read, which they are unwilling to pay for—to promise to pay for speaking liberally in pennies and buttons, to support meetings by their presence when the weather is fine, and they have new and fashionable clothing to display. In short they are Spiritualists from the head clear up. Believing in outward manifestations of raps, moving of tables, ringing of bells, playing upon guitars, &c. But never pausing to think that the departed mother, wife, or child would so gladly lead the loved one left behind, up the shining pathway of purity, liberty, fraternity and happiness, and feeling sad when earth's children take the downward road to degradation and moral death. But I spend too much time in description, while my main ambition is to sell. May we be enable to dispose of, make over, or reform the stock on hand, and see that no more of like character accumulates, so shall we grow to be a moral power in the laid and aid to a higher civilization and morality the coming generations. P.

Battle Creek, January, 1870.

For the Present Age.

RETURNING.

BY S. N. W.

She wandered on the sandy beach,
And pearly shells did gather there—
Farther, than eye, alone could reach,
She went then came again, with shells most rare.

One day she wandered off afar,
And loving eyes did look in vain,
Now beaming as a radiant star
With shells from golden beach, she comes again.

Probabaly the most singular piece of news that we shall ever be called upon to chronicle and the strangest that has been announced from the National Capital is the circumstance of the new Senator from Mississippi, Mr. Revel, colored, making his appearance on the floor on monday and being assigned to the only vacent seat, on the extreme corner of the Republican side. When Jefferson Davis vacated his seat, nine years ago nearly, he could never have dreamed that Mississippi would so soon send a colored man to be his successor.

In a field near where we passed in Nebraska was a rugged healthy-looking girl handling some oxen with a bull-driver's skill she did not swear as bull-drivers will; so she was evidently tender and feminine at heart but *prima facie* if she should cross my path,

"When chapman billies leave the street,
And——neighbors' neighbors meet,"

and say, "Your money or your life," I should save my life. Radical as I am and believing in and hoping for the better day, it is pleasant to feel that a woman can have all the rights of a man and yet be ever so much a woman!—*Cor. of Commonwealth.*

Children, Theology, Science and Spiritualism.

BY ANNA DENTON CRIDGE.

What excellent material comes to us in every little child! Faith in immortality—in the spirit world as it really exists—is born with it; comes with it as its inheritance. "Die," said my little Jessie, when she could just talk, "I will neber die, will I, mamma?" If you tell a child that he or she will stand around a golden throne on which a great God sits and sings hymns, it recoils from an idea which involves a perpetuation of that gloomy monotony, of which they may have had a foretaste in church. Every child is naturally an infidel to such teachings, but spontaneously believes that forever the flowers will bloom in unfading sunlight, and that forever it will love and be loved by father, mother, sisters, brothers and friends.

Swedenborg tells us—and Spiritualists know it to be true—that this world is but a picture of the spirit-world which is the reality, so that the life in the Hereafter is but a continuation and amplification of the present. The spirit-world, with its mountains and streams, its flowers and rills, its loves and labors, its chemistry, geology, botany, physics, geography and astronomy, is indeed this life etherealized—become (to our physical senses) imponderable. In view of all this how correct and charming the faith of a child, in life—continuous, eternal life.

Science is the religion of every child, and immortality its faith. Let us listen to childrens questions. What is this? what is that? what is this made of? how did it come? They have not the veriest shadow of an idea of the miraculous; no, bless their little hearts! they believe that there is a *cause* for everything; and so forever they are questioning—trying to solve the problem of causes for all that exists.

What is glass? how is it made? what is a solid? what is steel? how is brass made? what is coal? how did it come? Ah, your child wants to learn geology, physics, geometry and metallurgy; that is evident.

Another child asks. Where did I come from? where did you get me, mamma? (Alas, and how often this question the most important of all to be *truthfully* answered, is met by a LIE!) How curious mamma, that we have to take in air all the time! Where are the lungs? What use is my heart? What are pores, and what are they for? That child desires to study physiology.

Perhaps the little one asks, What is the sun? what is the moon? what are planets? He looks up at the twinkling stars and asks, What, are *they* worlds too? Why does the world turn round and round? He loves the science of ASTRONOMY.

Again:—he sees the steam-engine sweeping along with its train of cars, or the steamboat ploughing its way through the waves, or he puts a watch to his ear and hears its tick, tick! He is at once interested; question after question follows, showing that he loves the science of MECHANICS.

In his walks and rambles he observes the great variety and sizes and shapes of leaves and flowers, and the diversities of foliage in trees. He calls your attention to the green calyx of one flower, while another has none; he observes one corrolla to be composed like that of the rose, of several distinct petals, easily separable from each other as in the rose, while in the tulip they are united. He loves BOTANY.

All of them desire to drink from Nature's exhaustless fountain; she is their teacher, their school, their authority. Never does a *child* spontaneously enquire about Original Sin, Satisfaction to Divine Justice, saving faith on any other ecclesiastical dogma; and for the very good reason that such dogmas have no existence in Nature. Ah! does not excellent material come to us in every child?

A dear friend once said to me, "Any one who has let the life of a little child pass by unnoticed, never heeding or encouraging its many questions, has not only lost one of the greatest pleasures in life, but has committed a crime against the child."

We have seen that the child comes to us from our good, loving mother nature free from orthodoxy, a most enthusiastic love for all her works in every department and a loving faith in immortality. Now, as we enter farther into this subject let us bear these facts in mind; *for they indicate the methods which should be adopted by us in the training and education of our children.*

It is very evident that if we would work with nature and not against her, our methods of instruction should be so conducted as to develop the child, to bring out his innate powers; to supply material and to suggest methods by which he can obtain the knowledge desired, whether in one or many departments of science. The guide the tester, the director to which all that may be thus gathered should be subjected is REASON, the God born in every human being. He who would breath into a child, a distrust of that reason, is worse than a murderer. Faith in the divinity of reason, born with the child should never be touched with the sacriligious hands of or thodoxy. The love of our children for nature and for science, which is nature's exponent, should never be weakened by dissertations on "Original Sins," Satisfaction to divine justice," or any other fabrications of the dark ages. Our children ask bread; shall we give them stones? They ask for light—more light; shall we answer them by shutting up their souls in the darkness of Theology and its influences? By sending our children to ministers of the gospel (?) to Catholic schools, to "sisters," and to priests, we cheat them of their birthright.

For example:—a well known pioneer Spiritualist of the West sent his two girls in 1862 to a Catholic School in this city (Washington) on the distinct agreement that no proselyting efforts whatever should be made. After two years, when they returned home, it was noticed that they knelt by the bed-side, crossed themselves and showed by every outward sign that they were devout Catholics. By degrees it was learned that they had been carefully and thoroughly indoctrinated in the leading tenets of that church, and had been induced to promise solemnly that they would never forget the religion thus taught them. Time and tact weaned them—a more fortunate issue than is common in such cases.

Nature says *develop* your children; orthodoxy says, No! *make* them. Nature proclaims reason to be divine; orthodoxy replies; No, *authority* is divine and reason is of the devil Nature says, I am the good mother and teacher; come to me that ye may live and grow. Orthodoxy replies No; nature is corrupt; it is a delusion and a snare. Nature says, study the child and give the mental and Spiritual nourishment for which it asks; Orthodoxy says, "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

We are told that there are millions of Spiritualists in the United States; then there must be twice as many millions of children, born of Spiritualists parents, and as we think of those millions of children apart from any other children, we are led to say, surely these people will take care of their children, keep them out of the clutches of the churches, and answer all their divine longings. Is this done? Verily no! they are, in the majority of cases, given over to orthodoxy, to be trained in a false religion. Think of it, and follow out this course to its necessary results. Think how we thereby strengthen the orthodox ranks. With one hand we give our children to the church *to be* nearly blinded; with the other we are trying to grasp from the church, in order to give them sight, people who *have been* blinded by eclesiastical influences; in other words saving at the tap and letting out at the bung.

Fathers and mothers should so educate themselves (if not previously conversant) as to answer the questionings of their little ones, in their early years at least.

But it may be answered, fathers and mothers in the majority of cases, are not able to answer their children. Very well; this proves that there is something for fathers and mothers—grown up men and women—to do. Listening to spirits and lecturers on Spiritualism is not everything. Spiritualism is a very useful and interesting *science*; but we must remember that it is only *one* department of nature, and that the doors of every other science are wide open, and we are invited to enter. Our children—already Spiritualists, *born* Spiritualists—take us by the hand and say, "Come, let us walk in and learn what these things mean; I want to "know don't you? I want to learn don't you?"

And these little children thus become our teachers, showing us that we should be wedded to all science; that grown up men and women, fathers and mothers, should form *schools* of science studying chemistry, physics, geology, botany, astronomy, etc.; should begin where every child wants to begin—become acquainted with some of the laws which control matter and spirit here, thus preparing ourselves for more elaborate researches on similar or cognate themes when we reach our spirit homes. Only thus can the birth-right of coming generations be secured and the reform of the world become a certainty.

Shall Spiritualists be forever cobblers and patchers, lecturers and talkers to the poor, benighted souls made so by orthodox teachings, Sisyphus—like rolling the stone to the top of the hill only to let it roll back to the bottom, and repeating this process year after year, generation after generation? All this is well as temporary and preparatory work; but as long as we allow orthodox educational influences to coil themselves around our children, so long this work of reforming, cobbling and patching will have to be done, over and over again.

But when we look at our darlings, with their correct faith in an unending life, with their love of science, greeting with smiling faces the great revelation of nature, seeking a nearer acquaintance with her methods of operation; and then turn to ourselves, and observe how by orthodoxy we have become gnarled, twisted and stunted in our growth, how prejudiced we have been and are, how fossilized by our early religious education, how we have called right wrong and wrong right, light darkness and darkness light; how, like snails, we creep half out of our shells, timid and almost afraid of our shadows, with scarcely courage enough to lift up our heads and see that the sun shines;—when we make this contrast, do we not feel that we want to go to our children, take them by the hand, and walk into the great sanctuary of nature and learn her lessons?

How shall we do this? What is the remedy?

1st, Let us take care to keep our children away from orthodox influences or people.

2d, Let our Spiritualist halls be devoted to science (which of course includes Spiritualism), invite scientific lecturers, form classes for instruction in various sciences, procure requisite books and apparatus, etc. Let us study with our children; our intellect being more matured, of course we should learn more quickly than they would, and thus be enabled to assist them by answering their inquiries; and this would be just right.

If this cannot be done, then in every locality where but two or three desire to carry out these views, let them club together for the purchase of books and scientific apparatus for that purpose.

With the eye of faith, or in the spirit of prophecy, I sometimes look into the future—and not a very distant future; there I behold Spiritualists in the very Vanguard of all progress, not pulling down, mending, patching or fighting old theology so much as constructing *de novo* and from the commencement. All over the land I see large buildings springing up devoted to the popularization of science and art. In these I see our children's faculties are *unfolded*, in lieu of the pouring in and craming process now current in educational arrangements; no more are our children to be fed with the swill-milk of the dark ages; eager to learn, retaining all that originally was born with them, strengthening and ennobling themselves by intimate acquaintance with the methods of nature, they are proof against reactionary influences.

Give our people science; give our children science and we give them the golden key to the great universe itself. Spiritualists are going to do this. They are going to educate themselves, and they are going to take care of the children.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTM'T

Mrs. ANNIE D. CRIDGE, - - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at No 16 Philadelphia Row, 11th. St. East. Washington, D. C.

He who teaches not his child an art or profession, by which he may earn an honest livelihood, teaches him to rob the public.—*The Talmud.*

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me"—say it, darling.
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head droped low.
"I pray the Lord," I gently added:
You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly;
Fainter still, "My soul to keep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewey eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Willie and Jessie.

CHAP. V.

All children like stories, I believe. Willie and Jessie did, I am sure. Every evening after they were called in from play they would bound into the sitting-room, saying "Now, mamma please tell us a story."

A few days after their visit to the Observatory, they came in as usual with the same request: "Now, mamma, please a story."

"Well," said Mrs. Martyn, as she looked up from her book and smiled, "what shall the story be about?" She was sitting in a rocking-chair near the window, from which they could see the beautiful green hills beyond the city.

"Oh!" said Willie, as he put his two hands on her lap and looked into her face, "tell us a story about yourself when you were a little girl."

"That is your request, is it?"

"Were you, mamma, ever a little girl? asked Jessie.

"Yes, my Jessie, I was a little girl once, and used to romp, and play, shout and dance, just as my darlings do to-day."

"And did you cry?" asked Jessie.

"Yes, Jessie; I cried and laughed too."

"Then," said Jessie as she drew up a foot-stool close to her mamma, "tell us a story, please, about yourself when you were a little girl."

"Very well; let me think a moment."

How the children smiled! how pleased they were as they looked up in her face!

"Now we will have a good story, I know," said Willie to Jessie in half whisper.

"I have a story for you," said Mrs. Martyn; "you know your Uncle Edward that you visited a few months ago; he is my brother, my only brother—and he was a comical little fellow when he was a boy, and a very good brother, though he use to tease me sometimes, and make me so angry I would cry with vexation. When he grew older, however, he learned better than to tease me, and we loved each other greatly."

"Yes," said Jessie, "and you love each other now."

"Well, one morning before breakfast, my brother said to me, 'Mary, I know a nice pretty place under the arches of the long stone bridge, where we can go and have a fine time: will you go?'

'Mamma won't allow us to go,' I said.

'But we can slip off, and mamma won't know.'

"This was said in a whisper, in mamma's bed-room. She was not well, and was asleep. I looked at her: yes, she was asleep, I thought: her eyes were closed."

'Come,' said Eddie, 'do go, Mary, you will be glad when you get there; you will see hundreds of little fishes swimming about in the water, and you can fill your apron with pretty pebbles. Come, Mary, do go; the water is low, and so clear you can see the pebbles at the bottom, and you can catch some of the little fish; will you go?'

"Very soon we were down to the river, and under one of the arches of the long, stone bridge; then off went our shoes and stockings and soon we were walking in the shallow part of the water. Eddie took off his cap and tried to catch fish, so, of course, I must try to catch some too, and my straw hat made a fine fishing-net. Eddie went by-and-by into the deep water, but I was so much smaller than he was, that I could not venture as far as he did; but often, very often, he would come holding out his cap saying 'See here! see here, little sister! here is another fish! which he would take out and put into my apron."

"There was one place in the river that was dry: this Eddie called his island. 'Do you see that?' he said, 'it is my island, the water can not come there; I will carry you there on my back.' That little island peeping above the water, I thought looked very pretty. Yes, how delightful it would be to stand on that island with the water all round; but suppose I should fall off Eddie's back. 'Let us go on shore,' said Eddie, 'and get our stockings and shoes?' these he tied together and put over my shoulder. 'Now stand on this boulder, and get on my back,' he said; so I consented, and on Eddie's back was carried through the water to the island."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Willie and Jessie, "and were you afraid, mamma?"

"Yes, I was afraid; for he, to tease me, would pretend that he was going to let me fall, then I would scream with terror, while he would laugh so he could scarcely carry his heavy burthen, and every moment the little girl expected to tumble in the water. But we reached shore, then it was all forgotten. Everything was forgotten but gathering the pretty pebbles, and watching the water dash on the shore of Eddie's island. It was a delightful place, I thought. Eddie went off to catch fish as before with his cap. In crossing the water on Eddie's back, I had held on to the pebbles and fishes in my apron, and the fishes I had laid carefully down on the ground while I gathered more pebbles on the island, and thought how pleased my sister Jane would be to see them, and how finely we would play with them."

"By-and-by I saw that Eddie's island was becoming less and less, and I stood looking at it, wondering what was the cause. Ah, I just think I see myself standing there with my apron full of pebbles, not a bit afraid, but wondering—why did the island grow smaller, what did it mean, what was the cause? Then I looked for Eddie; he was far down the river; then looked at the water. then at the island all round, and then realized that very soon there would not be standing-room. All the cause was clear now; the river was rising, and in a short time there would be no standroom for my feet. Then into my apron were put the tiny fish we had caught, and on one of my shoulders were hung the shoes and stockings, while scream after scream went up; 'Eddie! Eddie!' I shouted again aad again, 'oh, dear, I shall be drowned!'"

"But you were not drowned, were you, mamma?" said Jessie.

"No," said Willie, laughing; "for mamma is here beside us in her rocking-chair,"

How Jessie laughed, and said: "I love you, mamma; tell us what you did then."

"Why, Eddie heard my shouts and came wading through the water, calling out, 'don't be frightened, sister, I will carry you on my back;' but I saw that the water was nearly to his waist, and that he seemed afraid himself; and how I did tremble with fear!"

"At last he reached the island, and now just fancy you see the little girl with her bare feet, and apron full of pebbles with a few little fish on the top of the pebbles, shoes and stockings tied together and hung over her shoulder; just fancy you hear Eddie say 'don't cry, sister I can carry you over;' and now see her on Eddie's back, with her arms round his neck: see how carefully he steps while the water comes dashing along as if determined to throw the little boy and girl down. Listen while he says, 'don't be afraid, sister, hold on tight; you shall not fall.' Look on the river shore and you will see some ladies and gentleman who are watching the boy with his load: see one gentleman has taken off his coat, he evidently intends to save them if they cannot save themselves. 'He is a brave boy,' you hear one of them say, 'and he will land the little girl all right yet.' Look at Eddie as he tugs with all his might, don't you just think you see him? Now he nears the shore, and at last—at last—he lands his heavy load on dry land!

"Oh, mamma!" said Jessie, "Eddie was a good brother."

"So he was, my darling."

"And that little girl was you, mamma?"

"Yes, Jessie, that little girl was your mamma."

At that moment the door-bell rang, and away ran Jessie to the door.

"Professor Greenleaf! Professor Greenleaf!' I am so glad you have come."

"Oh!" said Willie with delight and surprise, and away he went to greet friend Greenleaf.

When Mrs. Martyn went to the parlor, there was Jessie on one knee and Willie on the other, chatting away right merrily. Willie had a dog—Carlo, and Jessie had a black cat: Willie, too, had a gray cat. Professor Greenleaf had inquired after their health, hoped they were well, &c., Jessie was busy telling about Miss Black-puss's tricks and Miss Gray-puss' tricks, and then Willie told about dog Carlo: how good and kind Carlo was to the cats, that he always stood to one side if the cats wished to eat from his dish, that he never would eat first if the cats were about.

"He believes in *cat's rights*!" said Willie with a laugh.

"That is so," said Professor Greenleaf, "he does not want all the good things himself."

"And," added Willie, "he touches the cats so gently when he plays with them? and he loves the cats, I think, for he washes them every morning with his tongue—oh, so gently!"

"Why!" said Professor Greenleaf, it seems to me we might learn a good lesson from your dog Carlo and the cats."

"Yes," said Willie, "I know what it is; Carlo believes in the rights of cats, and we should believe in other people's rights just so much as in our own rights."

"You are a good boy, you are a wise boy," said friend Greenleaf, as he drew Willie close to him, "and I know you believe in little Jessie here having her rights just as much as you believe in having your own rights."

"So I do," said Willie, "for I believe in WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

"Hear! hear!" said Professor Greenleaf, "I like to hear boys say they believe in WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

For the Present Age.

Traveling in Minnesota.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Nowhere have I witnessed such picturesque scenery as in this State. A hundred miles nearly of staging from LaCrosse, Wis., to Lake City Minn., through a great deal of fine country and considerable wild and bluff *tainous* scenery. Cities and villages spring up all over the southern portion of the State like magic. Lake City is only fifteen years old, and is a "giant" of three thousand inhabitants. In front of it is Lake Pepin, now covered with ice and snow, on which heavily loaded sleighs are crossing to and from Wisconsin. The lake is two-and-a-half miles in width, and twenty-eight miles in length. As most readers are aware, this lake is the Mississippi, "spreading" itself. Bluffs four hundred feet high, are seen on either side of the lake. They have a solemn, grand look; and as the city is built on a level surface, a sort of table land, about fifty feet above the lake, and extending about a mile back to the foot of the bluffs, they impart to the place a cozy look.

A few miles above Lake City, on the Wisconsin side, is the famous bluff, called "Maiden Rock," or "Lover's Leap.' It is four hundred and twelve feet above the lake, and is so named from a romantic Indian legend.

"Once upon a time," a young Indian woman, "very beautiful to look upon," became enamored of a French trader. The father of the maiden, a stern old chief, had determined upon her marrying a certain young Indian warrior. The maiden revealed to her father her great secret of the mutual love existing between herself and the trader. The chief resolved that she should marry not the man of her own choosing, but of his. He acted just like some civilized fathers! The young indian woman, however, had a will of her own, and determined that no one would either wed her lover or death. The father endeavored to thwart her marriage with the Frenchman by appointing an early day for the celebration of the nuptials between her and the young warrior. She was closely watched, but finally made her escape. The alarm was given, the father was in pursuit, gaining steadily upon the flying fugitive, when she reach the bold cliff. Her pursurers supposed they were about to secure their prize, when she rushed to the edge of the precipice, and, oh, horror! made the fearful leap, dashing her brains out upon the jagged rock below, a sacrifice to her devotion!

In Minnesota, winter means winter. The thermometer, in this latitude, sometimes goes down to 40 o below zero! When the weather is so intensely cold, the atmosphere is calm, and is so dry that 40 o below zero is not felt more than 10 o below in Michigan and Illinois, where the air is more moist The winters here are long, but pleasant. Sleighing is good for between three and four months; and yet the sun shines brightly most of the time. I have seen it shine day after day as brightly as in the summer, without thawing the snow, even on the South side of dwellings. The summers are said to be warm; but the nights even in the hottest weather, are refreshingly cool.

There is a peculiar feature about the Minnesota air, that at first was a puzzle. I believe that one can see objects at more than twice the distance than in Illinois or Michigan. This is owing, no doubt, to the great clearness of the atmosphere. The bluffs do not seem to be four hundred feet in height, the lake does not seem to be two-and-a-half miles wide. Detroit river appears fully as wide as Lake Pepin. When I was first informed by the Minnesotians that that sheet of water is nearly three miles wide, I thought they were joking. I have since crossed it several times, and concluded it was no joke, especially with the thermometer below zero, and the wind howling. When my good friend, Capt. Doughty, pointed out Maiden Rock while we were riding along the river, on the Minnesota side, it was my opinion that I could make the jump myself without damage. By no stretch of imagination could I bring myself to believe that the bluffs is more than twice as high as Niagara Falls, which were "done" by Bros. Loveland, Whipple and myself, on our way to the Buffalo Convention, last summer. I never saw the "man in the moon" as from a Minnesota standpoint. Celestial scenery appears to greater advantage, than when viewed from Chicago!

The climate here is favorable to health and long life. I am informed that a few years since the people became very much discouraged because they had no grave-yards. The "oldest inhabitant" being a public spirited man offered himself as as a sacrifice to start one, and he was killed on the spot. My informant gave me this little scrap of early history confidentially, and remarked that the inhabitants feel a little ashamed of the transaction, in consequence of which I meet with persons who will solemnly deny that any such thing took place. I expect to travel in the State during the summer. More anon.

Lake City, Minn., Feb, 10. 1870.

The Impending Revolution.

NO. III.

History bears perpetual evidence to the fact that there are nations of destiny as well as men—nations who seem destined to serve some great purpose for the welfare of the race.

Greece in vanquishing the hosts of Xerxes fought the battles of Europe and of civilization. In rolling back the tide of Asiatic despotism, she not only preserved the freedom of Europe and bequeathed to the world her glorious lessons of patriotism, but was enabled to accomplish her greatest mission—that surprising development in Art and Science, Refinement and Philosophy which is now the common inheritance of mankind. Camillus and Marius stayed the torrent of northern barbarism until Rome had matured her system of Civil Jurisprudence and Physical Improvements which are now the common property of civilization. The modern nations also bring their contributions to the general stock for the good of the race. Italy brings her art, France her science, Germany her philosophy, and England is the great missionary who, by her vast systems of commerce and colonization distributes the blessings of civilization over the globe.

America (the United States) has a mission peculiarly her own. She has greater advantages than any other nation for realizing that ideal form of society which has blessed the vision of the most inspired minds of all ages—a form of society in which freedom, prosperity, and happiness are the birthright of all its members.

Beyond a vast ocean, on the shores of an unknown land, our fathers laid the foundation of our infant Republic. Far from their native land, they no longer trembled in the presence of a master, nor heard the clanking chains of oppression. Alone with nature uncontaminated by the corruptions of misdirected man, but fresh from the hands of the Infinite, they drank deeply at her unsullied fountain. The inspiration of the pure draft was more wonderful and divine than that of the celebrated fountain of Mount Parnassus. They felt a growing consciousness of the dignity, worth, and divinity of humanity. Lofty sentiments of freedom, justice and human rights thrilled through their entire being, which the priestess of nature embodied in the following language:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

When the bigotry of the old world undertook to suppress the new revolution, they defended it with their lives, and the latest generation of man will bless them for the glorious deed.

This bill of rights is the foundation of our government. In it is embodied the genius of our institutions which are the glory of the nineteenth century, and the political and religious hope of the world. Political and religious despotism is so interwoven in the social fabric of the old world, that all efforts for freedom at best, are only partially successful, but generally are extinguished in blood.

The state and the church are leagued in a sacred bond of oppression, resistance to which is treason to the state and infidelity to the church, which is punished with death or exile.

With such fearful odds against them at home, the friends of freedom everywhere turn their longing eyes towards free America, and when its very existence was jeopardized in the late rebellion, they awaited the result with heavy hearts; for our failure, if fail we should, would be the death knell of free institutions throughout the world for a long time to come. But thanks to the indomitable spirit of freedom and justice we were successful, not only in maintaining our existence, but in destroying that relic of barbarism which still clung to our institutions and attempted their overthrow.

In the mode of deciding all questions of interest to humanity, we have stepped from the low plane of brute force, to that higher plane where a free press, a free rostrum, and a free ballot constitute the arena where every man and woman of whatever race has an equal voice in forming the laws which affect his or her own interest, (I anticipate woman's suffrage here, because I consider it a fixed fact at no very distant future.)

In such a country there is no excuse for an appeal to the sword; for such an appeal has nothing to gain, but much to lose. This question, we hope, was forever settled by the late terrible ordeal of blood, and that "mad phrenzy," political or religious, will never again un-sheathe the sword against the life of the nation.

Our system of Confederate States, unknown to the republics of Greece and Rome, adapt our free institutions to a continent as well as to an island; a congress can govern hundred and twenty-seven free states with far more ease than the Persian king could govern the same number of provinces with the sword.

For the first time in the history of man, a free republic is the peer of earth's mightiest kingdoms. We already wield an influence which monarch's dare not despise; our institutions are re-acting on the institutions of the old world, and gradually disintegrating those huge masses of time-honored corruption that weigh down, like a moral incubus, the freedom and happiness of its people.

We are yet in our youth. Our empire is vast, our resources are unbounded. We are continually improving and purifying our institutions and cementing them in a harmonious whole. The glory of our future dazzles the imagination. No nation ever had such glorious prospects. No nation ever had a grander mission to humanity. Every battle we fought in the revolution and the rebellion, we fought for the freedom of the world, and every advanced step we take, we take for the common welfare of our race.

Yet we have only taken the first step comparatively, towards fulfilling our destiny. We have removed the rubbish and laid the foundation, but the grand Superstructure is hardly yet commenced. But this foundation is vast and firm, and we trust will not yield to any storms and floods that may assail it from within or without. We have prepared the arena for the combatants in the coming revolution—the great contest between Rationalism and Supernaturalism. We have taken the first step towards a rational religion by separating the church from the state. The church is thus put upon her own merits and good behavior. She is bound to acknowledge, or at least, to tolerate the equal right of her opponents to the exercise of their conscience and the dissemination of their views. This is all they ask, and they are willing to abide the results of a free field.

The result cannot be doubtful. It will be the development of a scientific and philosophical religion that will do more for the nations in two centuries than Supernaturalism has ever done.

H. STRAUB.

For the Present Age.

Iowa State Association of Spiritualist.

MISSIONARY REPORT FOR FOUR MONTH'S, COMMENCING OCT 8th, 1869.

Points visited, and No of lectures at each. Des Moines, 8 Moingona, 3 Nevada 2 State Centre 1, Marshalltown 1, Brooklyn 3, Cone's Schoolhouse 3, Animosa 2, Worthington 1, Elkader 3, Mc Gregor 8, Volney 4, Smith's Schoolhouse 2, Portville 1, near Lytle City 4, do, Dayton 1, do, Richmond 4, at Prairie City 4, Whole No, 55.

SUMS RECEIVED

On last year's subscriptions, S. D. Cone, Victor, $8,75; of C. C. Cone, $10,00; of A. Ostrum $5,00; L. M. Ostrum, $2,00; of J. H. Ostrum Brooklyn, $6,00; Am't, $31,75;

Of the friends in Des Moines, $51,20; at Volney, $20,00; at Mc Gregor, $41,50; near Lytle City, $28,50: near Dayton, $5,00; near Richmond, $23,35; at Prairie City, $23,60; at Worthington, $5,00; individual donations, G. W. Miller, Moingona, $7,00; Mr Bowen, State Centre, $5,00; John Davis, Portville, $5,00; Reuben Smith, near Hardin, $10,00; in smaller donations, and colections, $37,04; per-ct on sale of books, $33,50; Whole am't, $327,44; Expenses $80,40; Balance $247,04.

Average per month, $61,76; this clear of all expenses.

The four months which should have ended Feb 7th was really extended to the 26th, from the fact that bad roads, and poor health rendered it unfit for me to travel; so I rested from speaking nearly three weeks devoting the time to writing, and of course, could not charge that time to the Association.

Respectfully Submitted,
LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Des Moines, Feb 26th, 1870.

The foregoing report of our State Missionary Sister Louis Waisbrooker for four months preceeding this date we forward to you for publication in the AGE. It shows that Sister Waisbrooker has been in labors abundant and that although operating in new and heretofore unimproved fields the reccompence of reward, though not as great as we would wish, is nevertheless a marked proof of the estimate placed upon her industry and decided ability as a lecturer. We leave the facts and figures of the report to speak for themselves and shall turn our attention to a word in commendation of Sister Waisbrooker as a Missionary. She came among us comparatively a stranger save as we had heard if her through the Spiritual papers; during her labor among us we have become better acquainted with her, and from a knowledge of her decided ability as a thinker and lecturer we can now with confidence commend her to the favorable notice of those who wish to secure the services of a very efficient laborer in the advocacy of our philosophy.

DES MOINES, IOWA, March 1, 1870.

J. P. Davis, Pres, Iowa S. Association, P. J. Connelly, Pres. Des Moines Association, J. K; Marsh, V. P. Des Moines Association, B. A. Kinyon, Corresponding Secretary Des Moines Association, Mrs. A. F. Patterson, Treasurer Des Moines Association, W. W. Skinner, Treasurer Iowa State Association

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM—BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good as the case might be,
White, or colored, or bond, or free—
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not forsee,
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul.
God in his wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his State,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great.
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.
Robert great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed;
While Paul, of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day.
John was mourned through the length and breadth of the land.
Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand—
Robert died with the praise of the lord on his tongue
While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul—
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the Statesman—"How noble and brave!"
But of Peter, alas!—"he was only a Slave."
Of Robert—"'Tis well with his soul—it is well"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.
Born by one law through all Nature the same,
What made them differ? and *who* was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul—
God in his wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white—
Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—
Out where the flesh can no longer control,
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul—
Who shall determine, what change may befall
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul!

John may in wisdom and goodness increase—
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit, and less in the word—
And Paul may be blest with a holier birth
Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God in his wisdom will care for them all.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 14th February, 1870.

DEAR BRO. FOX:—I feel impelled to take a few moments this evening to pen a few lines to the PRESENT AGE. Your paper is ever welcome to me, and I often have felt a desire to open a correspondence; but my many and pressing duties occupy my time so entirely, that when I say *I have not had time*, I do not say it by way of a simple excuse, for with me it is a *literal* fact. It is rarely the case that I have an hour that I can call my own, and when, perchance, an hour falls vacant, I feel too weary to write. Should a time ever come when leisure will allow me to do so, I shall feel very happy to communicate with my many friends in the great West through your valuable columns. It may be that some of those friends may be pleased to learn something of the progress of Spiritualism in this great city. Our growth has been *gradual* but I think *sure*. With many discordant minds, and much opposition and persecution to contend with, we have hitherto kept upon our feet, and have regularly supplied ourselves and the public with a feast of fat things, spiritually, for nearly three years. This has been no easy matter for us, as usually the labor has fallen heavily on a few—and those who have borne the heat and labor of the day have had to deny themselves of many things to sustain the cause, and they have done it without a murmur. Our cause is onward, and I fear not for the result. I am satisfied that, through troubles, perplexities and trials, much good will be attained.

Our speakers this season have been four: Mrs. Spettigue, in October. Her public tests were, many of them very fine, but, as a lecturer, she cannot be spoken *highly* of; it would be much better if she confined herself entirely to her tests.

In November we had that sound, forcible, logical, granite lecturer. Miss Susan M. Johnson, whem I hope to welcome to our platform again another season. She is no common-place lecturer, and her visit to any society cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction.

In December we had W. Frank White. In January brother E. V. Wilson, whose tests are perfectly overwhelming. He has done a *good* work here, and goes forth from us to other fields of labor, with my most cordial brotherly love, and earnest hopes for his success everywhere.

This month we are sitting under the droppings of inspiration from the angel-world through the divinely inspired lips of Mrs. Emma Hardinge, who is attracting crowded audiences and confounding the wise men of the nation, Senators, Judges and Representatives of the people, who come to hear and question. It would be impertinence on my part to say anything in praise of her lectures, their eloquence, beauty and grandeur. Her points are all well taken, her positions thoroughly demonstrated, and she always leaves the truth fastened on the mind of the hearer, as a nail driven in a sure place. She is doing a great work for us here, and Washington will long remember her visit and rejoice in the light which she will leave behind her. Of the future I forbear to speak till it shall have become the past.

With best wishes for the success of the AGE, I am most truly thine for Truth and Humanity,

JOHN MAYHEW,
Pres't 1st Society Progressive Spiritualsts.

COL. D. M. FOX.

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me a few lines in your most valued paper to let those who may read know that Spiritualism is not dying out in Otisco. Such are the oft-repeated assertions made, hoping doubtless that they may prove true. It is, however, in reality, taking a deeper root, is reaching far down into the fertile soil of the human heart, where no priestly power can dig it up. It is twelve years since we had the first lectures at our place by Mrs M J. Kutz, which was like bread cast upon the waters. A year since a society was organized which numbers from twenty-five to thirty; we have not had much speaking for the past year, for want of funds so necessary to the support of all things. We have been blessed with the labors of Mrs. L. A. Pearsall once a month since last November. We can truly say she is one among the many to feed the hungry soul, and bring glad tidings to the people. We always welcome her with joy, and feel as though we were refreshed anew from the spirit-world. January 12th, we had a festival and a very social time; the weather was bad and stormy, which hindered many from attending, but all was gay and joyous in doors—the result was forty dollars left for the society.

February 5th and 6th, we had our first quarterly meeting. Mrs. L. A. Pearsall spoke to us, assisted by Mrs. Wellman. A good attendance, a number from abroad. We think such meetings are not only pleasant but profitable. Let us not grow weary in well-doing, but with eyes fixed far above, press onward and upward, bearing in our hands the banner *Progression*, and have inscribed thereon: Charity, Humanity and truth.

[We publish the above, although the writer forgot to add name.—EDITOR.]

Philadelphia, March 2d, 1870.

ED. PRESENT AGE:

I was very glad in reading your article on "Vain Boasting" in the AGE of Feb. 26, to find that the absurd idea of there being Eleven Millions of Spiritualists in the United States, so properly and ably denied.

I believe the statement was made by the Catholics to show what serious inroads the Devil was making into Christianity, thinking they could deter their members from meddling with "the frightful delusion;" it was then circulated unwisely by some spiritualists, as true, because our opponents admitted it. Every reflecting mind can certainly see that it is perfectly ridiculous to claim about one-third of the population of the country, and would naturally denounce us as impostors. Let us have truth—we pretend to court investigation, but where would our Spiritual Religion be if it was founded upon such a basis as the "Eleven Million" claim?—It would have long since "slept the sleep that knows no waking."

Yours, &c., C. P. P.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Books! Books!

Please remember that we keep on hand and for sale most of the Reform Publication of the day, which we sell at publishing house prices. Address office of PRESENT AGE.

ROCKFORD, Feb. 10th, 1870.

The Spiritualists of Rockford. Kent county, Michigan, will hold their quarterly meeting at the schoolhouse in Rockford, the second Saturday and Sunday in March, commencing Saturday, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Mrs. Lydia A. Pearsall and other speakers will be in attendance. Come one, come all. Those from a distance will be provided for.

ALEX. KEECH, President.
WM. HICKS, Clerk.

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Among the more important papers in the first issues for 1870. or soon to appear, are the following:
Policy in Regard to Divorce East and West: by Robert Dale Owen.
The Change Caused by Death; by Epes Sargent.
The First and Second Mrs. Wood. A Story By Mrs. Jennie Hazen Lewis.
Half The World's Work; Part I. A Story By Mrs. Robert Dale Owen.
Defence of Albert D. Richardson; by Helen Rushton.
The Richardson Murder—The Principle Involved; by Francis Barry.
The Relation That Leads to Maternity; by Henry C. Wright.
Fœticide—Its Facts and Philosophy; by Mrs. Dr. Carpender.
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A Haunted House in Brooklyn; A Veritable History of my own experience; by Eleanor Kirk.

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Announcement for 1870.

CHANGE OF FORM.

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BY M. B. CRAVEN.

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PHILOSOPHICAL DEP'T.

J. S. LOVELAND, - - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at 350 Jessie St San Francisco, Cal.

STAND DIVINELY IN THY LOT.

Deem not that *this* is human happiness,
Serene, sublime, unchanging happiness,
To know no pain, enjoying changelessly
On earth the cloudless favor of the gods.
No,—but to take one's share of weal and woe,—
The extract both of bitter and of sweet,
From the whole lump of sorrow and of joy,
The lot appointed to all human kind,
Whereof each woe may fall to any one,
And every good may fall to any one,
Yet but a measured part can light on each,—
One's grief with heavenly sweetness to endure,
One's bliss with heavenly sweetness to enjoy,
Building all up into a human shape:
The heart yet young and the old heart no less,
The tears, the smiles, the yearnings of our lot,
The flight of men, the love of near and dear,
The throng of living, death of loving ones,
Ones own encroaching age, approaching death.

And *this*, then, deem thou human happiness,
Serene, sublime, unchanging happiness!
To live with all one's heart right in the days,
An inmate of their joy and woe,
And then, when one draws breath again and thinks,
Thinks of himself, thinks of his lot, his heart,
And of the power that shapes his life for him,
Then to stand clearly up before one's spirit
And see: who 'tis that suffers and enjoys:
A man! And who then lives man's life: a god!
And see: what life he lives: the life of God!
—*Leopold Schefer—Layman's Breviary.*

The Great Reconciliation—The Atonement.

NO. II.

The fact that all are implicated in the sufferings of each, we think abundantly proved in our previous article There seems to be an instinctive appreciation of this, and an almost universal rebellion against it. This is, however, rebellion against God, and therefore, unavailing, for though we shun some forms of participation in the sorrows of others, other forms are sure to overtake us as a consequence—we shall find ourselves cut short where we were anticipating abundance. Many keep themselves from seeing the sufferings of others, so as not to be moved or troubled by them. They shut out all knowledge of the wretchedness of their fellows, as far as possible, vainly hoping that ignorance will prove to be bliss. They little dream that this ignorant selfishness will prove a retributive fire of torment in the ages, to come. The very elements of a true joy are unknown to them, and when, in the hereafter, they awake to the realization of the truth, it will be to the bitter consciousness of a fearful want, and a remembrance of the fearful wasted sunny hours of blessed opportunity, which are past and gone. "It might have been," will be the mournful lament of many mistaken persons.

Present excitement and pleasure so absorbs multitudes that it is impossible to induce them to spend one hour in serious thought respecting the inexorable laws of human relationship, and the fearful compensation, if they are disregarded. Only the immediate controls them. The remote, though certain, is like a dream that is past. Impulse is the great motive force of present life, with the mass. The most desperate measures are resorted to, to set aside the absolute reciprocity involved in the relations of man to man. Each one wishes all others slaves, and himself sovereign over them. That each one should care for every other one is scouted; and to assert that no one's loss can possibly be another's gain, is regarded as stark, staring madness, or idiocy itself. Nations think the impoverishing of another nation can be their enrichment, and individuals in their more limited sphere accept the same notion. No wilder fancy ever ran riot in a madman's brain.

Whatever exists as part and parcel of the constitution of nature, must be right and good, must be in perfect harmony with supreme righteousness. Whatever is found existing as a universal principle, cannot be restricted to any particular or special act, though in special cases this principle may have a wonderful exemplification. Such is the fact respecting the atonement. As we have shown, through all nature, and all time, one suffers for his fellow. The dove for the hawk, the lamb for the lion, and all for man. The innocent, the gentle are doomed, through all the universe, to suffer for, or instead of, the mighty and the fierce. In the human organism, one organ suffers *with* and *for* another. In society, the just, the temperate, the frugal and laborious suffer for the drunken, the pauper and the criminal. In the family, the loyal and devoted members suffer for, or on account of, the abandoned and vile members thereof. And in those higher relations, the spiritual—that which constitutes the true church—the same principal is most potently active. "If one member suffer," says Paul, "every member suffers with it." That divine Oneness which unites all "twice-born souls," inevitably necessitates the suffering of one for another.

Spiritualism in the more recondite phases of its phenomenal manifestations, affords a complete illustration of this hitherto misunderstood principle of human nature, and doctrine of the christian system. A large class of persons, termed healing mediums, afford, in their experience, a wonderful exposition of this theme. Coming in rapport with the diseased, they become aware of the location and character of all their ailments, by *feeling* them in their own system. Many not only discern, in this manner, all forms of physical disease, but also mental states and experiences; so that the entire person is read by the medium. In this way men suffer one for another. Thus Jesus suffered, and by virtue thereof he healed the souls and bodies of multitudes.

With this basic fact of human experience clear in our consciousness, we are prepared to effect a reconciliation between Rationalism and Theology, by pointing out the mistakes of each, together with the points of real agreement. Rationalists, in combatting a partial statement of this great truth, have denied the truth itself; while theologians, by insisting upon an exclusive application of this principle to the sufferings of Jesus, have involved themselves in the most contradictory statements and gross absurdities, and also rendered it impossible to satisfy the demands of human reason. He (Jesus) was emphatically a man of love, of deep, world-wide and tender sympathies; hence, in a special manner, would he suffer, for the sins of the world; while all who imbibed his spirit would drink of the cup of which he drank, be baptized with his baptism, and fill up the measure of the suffering of Christ in their own bodies. If suffering were an end only, then would the objections of the rationalists be more than well founded; but even theology has carefully made atonement a means to be an end. Men are to be *saved* by means of the atonement. However, the theologian has here most sadly mistaken by imagining salvation to be deliverance from the final consequences of past conduct. No man is, or can be saved from the natural and legitimate results of his conduct, *only* as he is saved from the conduct itself. The rectification, or harmonization of human nature and conduct is the object or end of atonement. It secures its end. Just in proportion as man sympathizes, and hence, suffers *for* his fellow man, does he become conjoined to that fellow, and with all the power of his progressed spirit does he draw him on in the path of truth and holiness, and away from the path of sin and sorrow! This vicarious pain does not release in the slightest degree the sinner, so-called, from the consequences of the past, nor does it induce the feeling of favoritism, as in the theologic mode of statement, but, on the contrary, the sinfulness of sin becomes more apparent and painful in view of the amazing fact that all inharmonious conduct implicates the innocent in suffering. The latent, or feeble humanitary feeling in the transgressor is stirred to action—the covered spark of the spiritual life is forced to blaze out under the breath of the great revelation. A deep and curative grief is created in the awakened bosom. A repentance not to be repented of, is wrought out, and the soul is new-born in its purposes, efforts and inclinations. That wonderful coalescence of individual lives in a grand composite unity is thus consummated. The particular passes into the universal—the selfish has blossomed into the *unselfish*. As iron welds or fuses with iron only under the power of intense heat, so individual humanity can never fuse, "in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace," with universal humanity, only by the action of intense suffering for others—in other words, by atonement. The only appropriate end of any law must be the subjugation of its subjects to its own image, or likeness. Hence, the perfection of the Divine Law is apparent in the conversion of the soul. But that conversion, as we have indicated, is effected by and through atonement. Thus is justified the saying that "the law is magnified and made honorable" by atonement, inasmuch as the ultimate ends of law, conversion, or a state of harmonic unity with law, is thus attained. Atonement, then, is not of itself, reconciliation, but the means thereto—the instrumentality by which that end is effected. Therefore, only as effects include causes, as ends incarnate means, and uses embody the instrument, can atonement be termed reconciliation or harmony.

I close this article with the remark, that directly or indirectly, all men suffer together, by virtue of their common humanity and consequent relationship, but it is only those who knowingly, voluntarily, and hence, unselfishly, consecrate themselves to human good that can, in a high sense, be said to make atonement for man. Nor can any human spirit ever know the fullness of perfect joy until it has freely and abundantly suffered for others. Everywhere does the spirit-world demand this at our hands. Work for others, means, when properly translated, suffer for others. The men and women of great peace and joy, will ever be found to have most intensely suffered for their fellows. They "see the travail of their souls and are satisfied." The pain and anguish of their dark and saddened hours is transmuted into the brightness and ecstacy of a deathless joy. Vicarious atonement is not then a mere dogma of religious teachers, but one of the basic facts of human nature, the wondrous method of progress in the harmonization of the imperfect spiritual nature of man.

God Not In The Constitution.

We have been aware, for the last three years, and more, that the sectarian churches were plotting against our National Liberties; and that they contemplated nothing less than a formal Union of Church and State. We have repeatedly called attention to this, in our public speeches, and occasionally through the press. But the librealists have seemed to regard it as a dream. So long have we been in the habit of boasting of our religious freedom, that it was forgotten that the same cruel, persecuting bigotry lives to-day as in the days of Constantine or Calvin. Men can hardly believe that the sleek, smiling priests whom they meet on the street, or in their houses, would wield the sword of persecution. We know they would. We know that no villainy is too great for a priest to perpetrate—no act too vile, if the church is to be thereby made powerful. We have also been aware that the protestant churches were in the condition, where persecution becomes their policy. They have ceased to believe their own dogmas, and are, hence, capable of any degree of hypocrisy. Power is always sought in such conditions. The priests no longer fish for souls, but for gold and honor. The mass of the people may retain more or less veneration for the creeds of their fathers, but not the priests. They aim at consolidation. They unite their divided forces, on the ground of expediency, ignoring differences which rent them in factions, and sects a few years before. Doctrines, deemed the most important, are no longer made prominent. The reason is obvious, some other aim is paramount in the minds of the leaders. It is power. The doctors of protestantism, opened the door to reason. Not very wide, to be sure, but sufficient, for its exercise on the part of thinkers. They thought Catholicism alone would suffer damage. For a time, their hopes were met. But the flood deepened and widened, and now in mortal terror, the craven priesthood find themselves unable to direct or control the tide, and must inevitably be overwhelmed by the flow of reason. What shall they do? Despair is fruitful in expedients, The church superstitions have been saved many times by the civil arm. The swords of Constantine, Charlemagne and others have done good service in the past. Why not try it again? But first the "fundamental law" of the land must be change. We will do it, say the priests and in the following document is the public announcement of the purpose.

Reader, please read, and inwardly digest this signifficant document.

"CONSTITUTIONAL RECOGNITION OF ALMIGHTY GOD AND THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.—CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Constitution of the United States makes no acknowledgement of Almighty God, the author of national existence; nor of Jesus Christ, who is the Ruler of Nations; nor of the Bible, which is the fountain of law and good morals as well as of religion. This has from the beginning been a matter of deep regret. It may have been an oversight, but it was, and it is, both an error and an evil. It does not reflect the views of the great majority of the people upon these great matters. It dishonors God. It is inconsistent with the character of nearly all our State Constitutions, and with all the precedents of our early history. It has introduced, or furthered, views and measures which are now struggling for a baneful ascendancy in State and national politics: such as, That civil government is only a social compact; That it exists only for secular and material, not for moral ends; That Sabbath Laws are unconstitutional, and that the Bible must be excluded from our Public Schools. It is easy to see that laws for the prevention of Intemperance, Blasphemy, Impurity or cruelty, may be objected to on the same grounds. And indeed we may expect law itself will be defined to be the mere advice of the majority, with no proper penalty but the disapprobation of the public.

The National Association which has been formed for the purpose of securing such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as will remedy this great defect and indicate that we are a Christian nation, invite all American citizens who favor such an amendment, without distinction of party or creed, to meet in convention in Pittsburgh, on Thursday, the Third day of March next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WILLIAM STRONG,
President of National Association.

Vice Presidents: Hon. James Pollock, J. H McIlvaine, D. D., Professor of Political Science in Princeton College; Rev. Levi Scott, D. D., Bishop of the M. E. Church; O. O. Howard, Maj. Gen. U. S. Army."

Please notice that the pulpit, the bar, the college, and the army are represented in the officers of this treasonable association. Appended to this call are forty-four names of priests and their supporters. Among them are three bishops, one governor, four judges and seven superintendents of common schools for States, or similar positions. Perhaps the reader will say, "They cannot accomplish their object." That depends on circumstances; and if the liberal men of this country continue as sleepy and indifferent as they now are, the priests *will* accomplish their object. If we had no dependence but native born Americans, we should have no hope of defeating this infamous scheme. Infidels, Liberalists and Spiritualists are helping to build churches, support priests, sending their children to sunday schools, thus stupidly aiding to forge the chains, which wiley priests are waiting to put on them. We shouldn't sigh to see *them* wear them awhile. But we have one hope. The sturdy, freethinking German is a power among us. He is averse to chains, and before they are *fastened* on his limbs and bones, more than one Bull Run will be fought. We hope to see some fitting response from the press of the country, to this, base attempt upon our constitutional freedom.

From the Index.

THE QUEST.

Through weary days and restless nights,
I wandered o'er the earth alone;
I scaled the mountain's dizzy heights,
Where furious winds unceasing moan;
And still I hoped and sought in vain,
And turned me to my search again.

I roamed through forests dense and wild,
Whose sombre glades no ray illumed;
Eager I sought, by hope beguiled,
The spot where friendship's garden bloomed.
Despair still followed on my track,
Weary and faint I struggled back.

Then I the fruitless search gave o'er,
And deemed that fate would always frown;
I vowed to chase a dream no more,
And on a bank I threw me down,—
When, nestling closely by my side,
A modest amaranth I spied.

Trembling I plucked the immortal prize,
And hid it deep within my breast.
How Genial then the o'ercloaded skies—
How rich the guerdon of my quest!
Seasons may come and seasons go,
But Friendship's flower no death can know.

Spiritual Destiny of America.

Men are doubting whether the Union will be preserved. Men say that ages ago there existed a freedom something like ours, and our "experiment" may perish like theirs. It may as likely perish as that the sun, which has sunk, will in a few moments re-appear in the western horizon, and retrace its steps. Be sure humanity will work out its destiny. This nationality will live, and live not only to accomplish its destiny, but to be the potency by which the world itself is to be regenerated. Other nations have attained perfection in some single department; it is reserved for America to achieve a universal excellence.

We are still in a state of transition. This process is to go on for years; and when it is completed, there will begin to work back and out in every direction, from this great centre a new influence of life and of power. Greece succumbed to barbarian Rome. Rome became civilized and Christian, but fell before the northern barbarians. That was the era of brute force. But brute force is no longer the power that rules the world, and these reverses in the progress of the race can no longer occur. Science and not strength, now decides the battles of the world.

We shall be the focal centre to which the desire of all nations shall tend, and from which this light shall expand. Asia, receiving back its sons and daughters inoculated with the new blood of a new nation, shall begin to feel its sluggish life stimulated; and its ancient glory shall return to it again. The Brahmin as he walks the plains of Hindostan, begins to doubt the truth of the religion which has ruled his land so many ages. The missionary unfolds to him the scheme of the Christian religion, and he says, "All this my ancestors knew before Jesus was born, and before Israel fled from Egypt." He does want something new, but he does not wish his old doctrines brought back to him in a new form. But when he shall be shown that all these have a common origin away back in the distance of time, and that that origin was real spiritual demonstration of immortality and a future state, the nations of the East will begin to listen, and to see that, while they have kept alive this idea, it has been perverted to all the forms of idolatry, by which it has been abused. Thus will come on the great progress of the race in the years to come. In the revelation to our age of the truths of immortality by means of spiritual manifestations, the race shall see a new and fuller development of those intimations of religious truth, which in the infancy of the race, gave birth to that ancient religion which has been the foundation and the essence of all the theologies of the world's history; and seeing in this clearer light the truths of our spiritual being, the world shall be led into that higher plane of thought and action in which may be attained the final ends of human existence.

SONNET.

As, in dim woodlands, ere one rosy ray
Calls forth the birdling from its mossy nest,
Some fine, foregoing influence of the day
Allures sweet music from the songster's breast,
And in the dusk it murmurs dreamily;
Thus oft, ere morning cometh, murmur we,
Snatches of song we warble in unrest,
Snatches of olden hymns, whose music quaint
Some martyr fired—or cheer'd some dying saint—
Lyrics which haunt the universal heart,
Whatever creeds of intellect divide,
Whatever joys elate or ills betide:
So through our lives let the dear music glide,
Till discords die, till shadows shall depart!

To the Public.

Being almost certain that an improvement can be made upon our present systems of education, and our present modes of living. I am soliciting co-operation in an experiment for the purpose of effecting such improvement.

Our present modes of living in isolated houses makes it a necessity, that each family to live, in what is considered good fashion, should have a house that will cost from $1,500, to $15,000, with each a kitchen, dining room, parlor, sitting room, bed rooms, cellar, store room, woodhouse and all useful outhouses. All of these cost labor—are subject to elemental decay, and demand perpetual occupancy and watchfulness, and often expensive repairs. Such homes demand so much of our time, attention and care; they at length become our task masters, and instead of our owning them they own us. We cannot safely leave them, neither can we well take care of them without appropriating other people's labor, or overworking ourselves.

Long ago when isolated housekeeping was far less expensive and extravagant than now this evil was discovered, and great numbers of efforts have been made, for co-operative living.

Nearly all these co-operative movements may be resolved into two classes. Fourier societies and common property societies, commonly called communists. The latter hold all their property in common. Hence if the society be rich, every member of it is rich. If the society be poor, every member of it is poor. No one is richer or poorer than another. These common property or communistic societies co-operate in all the processes of production and consumption. Wherever they have existed for any considerable length of time, they have never failed to grow rich.

If then the accumulation of property—if a pleasant and comfortable home, if an abundance of food and raiment, if exemption from care and anxiety be all that is needful to humanity, Co-operation in a common property society if it can be obtained and perpetuated is vastly superior to isolated life and action.

It will be seen by those that reflect, that the blessings which are here referred to, though they are by no means unimportant are not all that are needful, neither are they the most indispensable to the welfare of humanity.

Each human being has a soul to be developed. The development of human souls is the grand ultimate of all that is seen, and of all that is done upon this planet. Human souls are developed by action. Action demands stimulus. That intelligence which controls has decreed that human wants shall excite human effort. This effort shall impart energy and strength. Thus progress is achieved along the whole pathway of our existence, here and every where, now and (for aught we know) forever.

One of the maxims of this divine law of development is, that those who will not work, shall not eat. The intelligence which has produced us, has implanted within us a consciousness—an innate sense of justice, that whatever we produce by our labor, is ours to keep, to use, to enjoy, or to bestow as will most gratify ourselves.

Let us suppose man in his primitive state, houselsss, naked, depending upon the spontaneous products of the earth for his food. Some one of this family more active, and therefore more intelligent than the rest, constructs for his protection a shelter from the scorching sun, or pelting storm. Does this shelter rightfully belong to him or to his fellow savage? May one or a number of them rightfully drive him out, and appropriate it to his or their use? If this were allowable the inevitable tendency would be to destroy the motive to all action inspired by the desire which men and women naturally have to benefit their own condition.

It is not needful to dwell upon this theme. It seems apparent that *individual ownership is as natural and as worthy of respect as individual liberty*—that it is not desirable if we could, to equalize the conditions of men and women, until we can first equalize their efforts intelligence and industry.

Common property societies have undertaken to do for the indolent, improvident and apathetic of humanity what God has decreed shall not be done, viz: to secure to them the same immunity from physical discomforts that are the just fruits of industry, vigilance and intelligence only. Much more may be appropriately said upon this theme. The thoughtful will not need it, and the thoughtless will not appreciate it.

IRA PORTER.

From the Revolution.

Out of Her Sphere.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

In order to avert a too painful personal application of the following remarks, it will be kind to begin with that touching appeal which Smollett makes in the Apologue of Roderick Random: "Christian reader, I beseech thee, in the bowels of the Lord, seek not to appropriate to thyself that which equally belongs to five hundred different people. If thou shouldst meet with a character that reflects thee in some ungracious particular, keep thy own counsel; consider that one feature makes not a face, and that though thou art, perhaps, distinguished by a bottle-nose, twenty of thy neighbors may be in the same predicament."

We cannot, at this moment, think of anything that is spiritually more nauseating than the use which is incessantly made of the four words at the head of this article, by vast numbers of silly women and by multitudes of men who are (if possible) still more silly.

There is just enough indistinctness about this phrase to make it an everlasting boon to minds which are either too lazy or to lax to grapple with and hold a definite idea. All about us are multitudes of flaccid souls, who have no comprehension of human progress, who are indeed perplexed by the very mention of it, and who desire to have always at hand some easy formula which they may emit upon all needful occasions as a substitute for an argument. To such souls the cant term above quoted is a shield and a sheet anchor. The most powerful and the most pathetic considerations in favor of freely opening all honorable human opportunities, to be competed for by all honorable human beings, without reference to creed, class, color or sex are received and foundered in the pulpy mass of this brainless verdict—namely, that so far as woman is concerned such and such a noble vocation would, of course, be "out of her sphere." And, having delivered itself of this tremendous decision, the oracular party, of which ever sex, settles itself back in its chair with the proud assurance that the case is decided beyond all doubt or reply.

But who is this so arrogant as to determine what may be the sphere of another? And what, indeed, is any person's sphere? Sphere!—it is whatsoever honest scope in life any personality can make for itself: and this most surely varies with the tone and force of each personality. Every human being must discover for himself, by self inspection, by experiment, what his own sphere is; and he ought to be absolutely free to choose it when the discovery is made. No more insolent tyranny is conceivable than that of one person arbitrarily deciding for another this supreme question. "Each man," says Bishop, the law-writer "has a mental horizon beyond which he cannot see." Every one's sphere is bounded by his mental horizon—Elizabeth Browning's, and the pretty little lady who lived next door to her. Well, Elizabeth Browning studying the Greek tragidies and writing politcal lyrics---how could she help seeming out of her sphere to her pretty neighbor, who studied only the fashion-plates and wrote only *billets-doux*? As yonder goblet, though golden, cannot begin to contain the ocean, neither can the lesser soul, though a fine one, comprehend the range of the greater. Shall it then presume to dictate the sphere of the greater? Since your field of view must differ from mine, what enormous impertinence is it for me to fix the limits of your field of exertion!

The profoundest injustice done to woman is this: the natural right of every human being to choose the quality and range of his career is by public opinion denied to her. Her stout brother is hampered by nobody's generalization about his sphere. The whole universe of life lies before him where to choose. He even steels woman's needle, and thrusts himself into the kitchen and gains her place there; and no one lifts voice to say, "This man is out of *his* sphere." And no one should lift voice to say it. For, if the man elects to be a tailor or a cook, as best corresponding to the range of his endowments, he has a right to do so; and he is not "out of his sphere," but exactly in it. Only let us be fair. Neither ethics nor rights are sexual. Nature builds all opportunities for all souls to pick from. Free trade is the philosophy of all life, and it has written upon it the divine sanction; give every one a free chance! In these high matters of a life career and of destiny it is not the part of one soul to legislate imperiously for another soul. Every soul is its own legislature. So, if man may be tailor and cook, let woman also be sea-captain even, as Margaret Fuller demanded, or soldier, as Plato said. Why do you need to interfere in the matter at all? That is purely her affair and Nature's. If she is not fit to be a sea-captain, her ship will go down and she with it; if she is not fit to be a soldier, she will be shot. In either case that will be the last of her, and she will have nothing to complain of. Nature and she can settle their own accounts together. Success, in the pure sense of the word is the final test. God defends his universe from being injured by people who get out of their spheres; for all such people fail. The deepest wrong that woman suffers, then, is in the attempt of society to deny to her the benefit of this divine liberty of choice.

Here and there a woman is brave enough to bear the torture of pulling her hands through the handcuffs with which public opinion has bound her wrists together; and at once the lovely convicts who still wear demurely the adamantine clasps exclaim against her, in horror and derision, "Lo! she is out of her sphere!"

President Felton used to say that "the best-established despotism in the world is the government of the verb by the nominative case." But I know a despotism better established than that. It is a despotism wielded over many fine ladies and gentlemen whose verbs do very frequently defy the authority of the nominative case, but who themselves dare not defy the authority of this idiotic jargon—"out of her sphere!"

That was a grand speech of Professor Masson's at Edinburgh, last fall, when, contending for the opening of their renowned university to women, he retorted upon a Rev. Dr. Phin for his use of the stock expression concerning woman's sphere. "The phrase, woman's sphere, is the summary of the whole objection. The phrase is a meaningless one—not only meaningless, but hurtful. Who can tell what is the sphere of woman? Who can tell what is the sphere of man? The sphere of man and woman is the whole round of space—any position they can fill honorably and usefully by their ability. The mode of argument adopted on the other side sums itself up in a rampageous mysticism, dashed with drivel from Anacreon."

University of Michigan, February, 1870.

BOOKS.

Those wishing to purchase will notice that we can supply them at same price as at New-York or Boston. Besides the works of A. J. Davis, we keep "Three Voices," "Gates Ajar," "Lizzie Doten's," "Powell's" and other "Poems," "Real Life in the Spirit Land," by Mrs. King, "Triumphs of Criticism," "Woman's Suffrage," by Lois Waisbrooker, (price 25 cents,) also "Alice Vale," by same author, and other reformatory works. Also, Ten Tracts on Spiritualism, by Lois Waisbrooker, entitled No. 1, "What is Spiritualism?" No. 2, "God's Image," No. 3, "The Second Birth," No. 4, "The Laws of Inspiration," No. 5, "The Manifestations Undignified," No. 6, "Don't Want to Know," No. 7, "Is there not a Cause?" No. 8, "Hell," No. 9, "Their Fruits," No. 10, "The Laws of Mediumship." These are all stitched together, and will be sent, postage paid, for 15c. We now have the STARLING PROGRESSIVE PAPERS bound in pamphlet form. The subjects are as follows: DIVINE UNFOLDMENT, SOULALITY, SPIRIT OF PROGRESS, THE NAZARINE, WHAT IS MAN? REGENERATION, CHEERFULNESS, SELFHOOD, SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT SPHERES, THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, Ideas, their Rise and Progress, Depravity, Plea for Little ones. EARNEST WORDS TO MOTHERS, Angels, what are they? Transformations, A private Seance—all in one volume for 25 cents.

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	A M.	P M	P M	P M	P M
Detroit. dep.	7.50	11.00	11:00	5.50	10.00
Ypsilanti	9.15	12.13	12.13	7.08	11.13
Ann Arbor	9.40	12.30	6.40	7.40	11.35
Jackson	11.25	2.15	.....	9.15	AM 1.00
Marshall	PM12.50	3.23	.....	10.40	2.19
BattleCreek	1.45	3.48	.....	11.15	2.37
Kalamazoo	2.45	4.30	AM 5.50	AM12.22	3.30
Niles	4.50	PM 6.10	7.45	2.35	5.10
Mich City	6.22	7.45	9.35	4.05	6.43
Chicago. Ar.	8.50	10.00	12.00	6.30	9.00

TRAINS EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	Dex Ac.	Mail	Day Exp	At'c Exp	Ng't Exp
	M	A M	A M	P M	P M
Chicago.	4:00	5:00	8.00	4.15	9:00
Mich City	6:22	7.25	10.12	7:00	11:15
Niles	7:52	9.00	11.25	8:35	AM12:40
Kalamazoo	10:00	PM 11:00	1.03	10:25	2:25
BattleCre'k	.....	11.58	1.45	11:12	3:20
Marshall	.....	12.50	2:35	11:48	3:53
Jackson	.....	2.15	3:43	AM. 1:00	5.15
Ann Arbor	A M 7:45	4.00	4:55	2:15	6:50
Ypsilanti	8:10	4.25	5:15	2:35	7:10
Detroit.	9:25	5.50	6:20	3:40	8:20

DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE RAILROAD.

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STATIONS.	Express.	Mail.	Accom.	Night Mixed Sleep'g Car.
Detroit	8.20 A.M.	9.00 A.M.	3.40 P.M.	9.00 P.M.
Pontiac	9.50	10.30	5.00	10.55
Holly	10.40	11.40	6.10	12.10 A.M
Owosso	.....	1.20 P.M.	.....	2.05
St. Johns	.....	2.30	.....	3.22
Pewamo	.....	3.10	.....	
Muir	.....	3.25	.....	4.32
Ionia	.....	3.45	.....	4.52
Grand Rapids.	.....	5.00	.....	6.50
Nunica	.....	6.05	.....	8.25
Grand Haven.	.....	6.30	.....	9.00

TRAINS EASTWARD

STATIONS.	Accom.	Mail.	Express.	Night Mixed Sleep'g Car.
Grand Haven.	.....	8.00 A.M.	.....	6.40 P.M.
Nunica	.....	8.25	.....	7.20
Grand Rapids	.....	9.25	.....	8.40
Ionia	.....	10.45	.....	11.05
Muir	.....	11.00	.....	11.25
Pewamo	.....	11.15	.....	11.43
St. Johns	.....	11.55	.....	12.30 A.M.
Owosso	.....	1.05	.....	1.37
Holly	10.00 A.M.	2.35	4.15 P.M.	3.30
Pontiac	11.05	3.40	5.00	4.50
Detroit	12.30	5.15	6.15	6.25

Detroit, Dec., 1869. THOS. BELL, Gen'l Supt.

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GOING NORTH.

Leave White Pigeon, 2:10 A.M., 6:00 P.M., 4:45P.M., 9:00 A.M., 9:00 A.M.
Arrive Three Rivers, 2:40 a.m., 6:40 p.m., 5:40 p.m., 10:40 a.m., 10:40 a.m.
Arrive at Kalamazoo, 4:35 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 7:45 p.m., 1:25 a.m.
Arrive at Allegan, 6:15 a.m., 9:33 p.m., 10:20 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Arrive at Grand Rapids, 8:15 a.m., 11:15 p.m., 1:00p.m., 8:00 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Grand Rapids, 6:15 a.m., 6.00 p.m.,